

MAGAZINE  
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THE MOVIES' MOST COLORFUL WESTERN STAR -

CHARLES STARRETT as

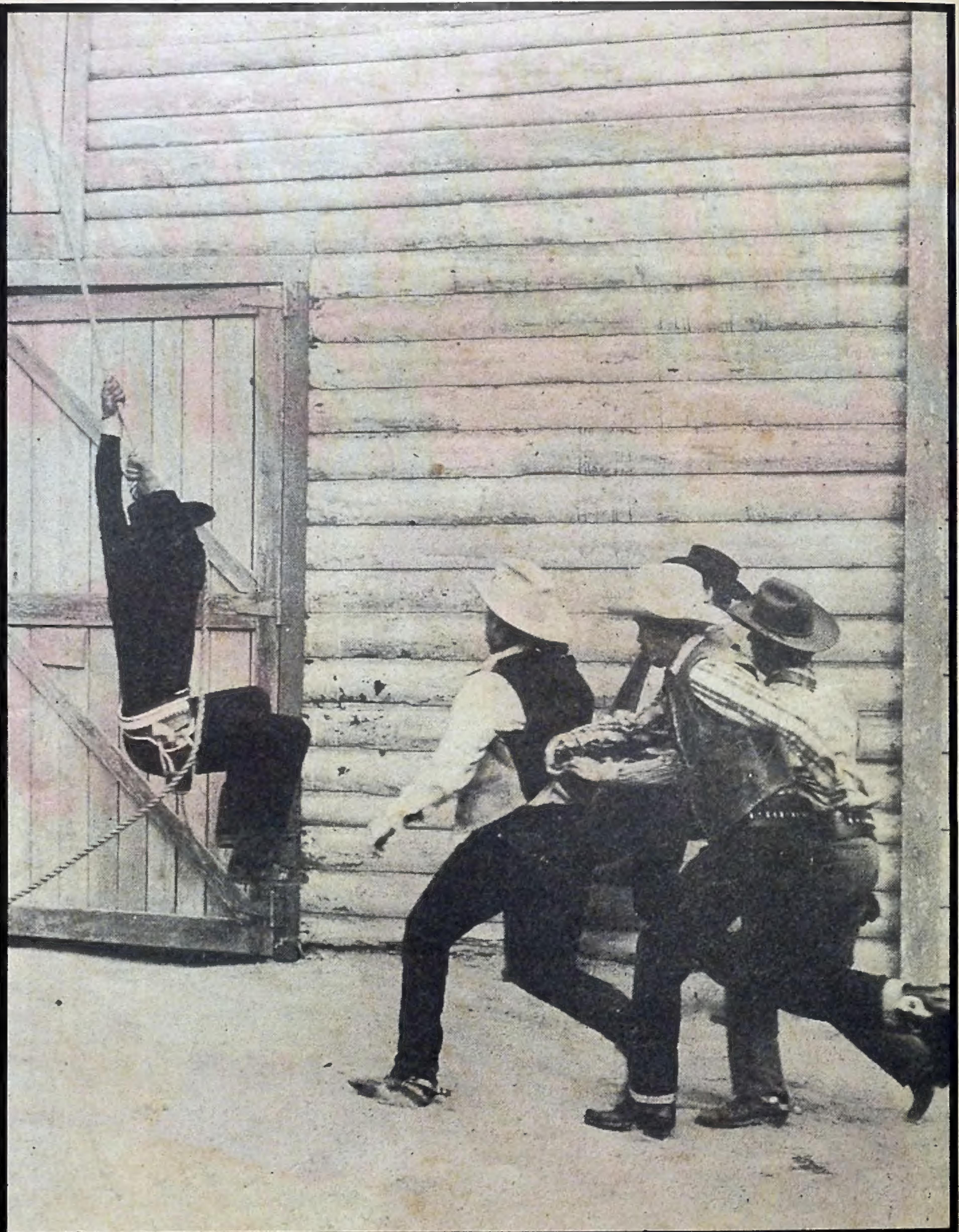
# The DURANGO KID

No. 1

10¢



Charles Starrett



## THE DURANGO KID SWINGS INTO ACTION AGAINST FOUR BADMEN!

Charles Starrett as THE DURANGO KID. Vol. 1, No. 1. Published bi-monthly by Magazine Enterprises, Inc., 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y. Publisher, Vincent Sullivan; Editor, Raymond C. Krank. Application for second-class entry is pending at the post office at Akron, Ohio. Subscription in U.S.A., 75¢ for six issues. Entire contents copyrighted 1949 by Magazine Enterprises, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions, other than the title character, appearing in this magazine and those of any living or dead person or institution is intended and any such similarity that may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U.S.A.

# the DURANGO KID

**IN THE WAKE OF THE GREAT MARCH WESTWARD, LITTLE TOWNS LIKE GUN HAMMER GULCH GREW LIKE CACTUS --FAST, WILD AND THORNY! HERE WAS THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE AND THE CODE OF THE DESERT, WHERE JUSTICE WAS A SMOKING BULLET, AND ONLY THE STRONG SURVIVED!**

**BUT HEROES MARCHED THE TRAIL, TOO--MEN WITH A VISION OF THE GREAT WEST TO BE--BRINGING LAW AND ORDER, SHAPING A CIVILIZATION OUT OF THE WILD OUTLAWRY OF THE BADLANDS. AND ONE OF THE GREATEST OF THESE WAS STEVE BRAND.**

**BRAND AND HIS SIDE KICK, MUI BY PIKE, SEEMED TO BE JUST TWO ORDINARY COWPOKES --BUT WHEN STEVE RODE HIS GREAT HORSE, RAIDER, AND DONNED HIS BLACK SHIRT AND MASK, HE WAS**

**THE DURANGO KID! --STRIKING TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF THE BRAVEST OWLHOOTS!**

HEY! THERE'S SHOOTING DOWN IN THAT HOLLOW!

in  
**"FRAUD ON THE HOOF"**

HYAR WE GO AGAIN, (SIGH)!

**BULLETS CRISS-CROSS THE TRAIL SEVEN MILES OUT OF GUN HAMMER GULCH...**

THEY'RE GAININ' ON US, ZACK!

GIDDAP, YE ORNERY CAYUSES... GIDDAP!

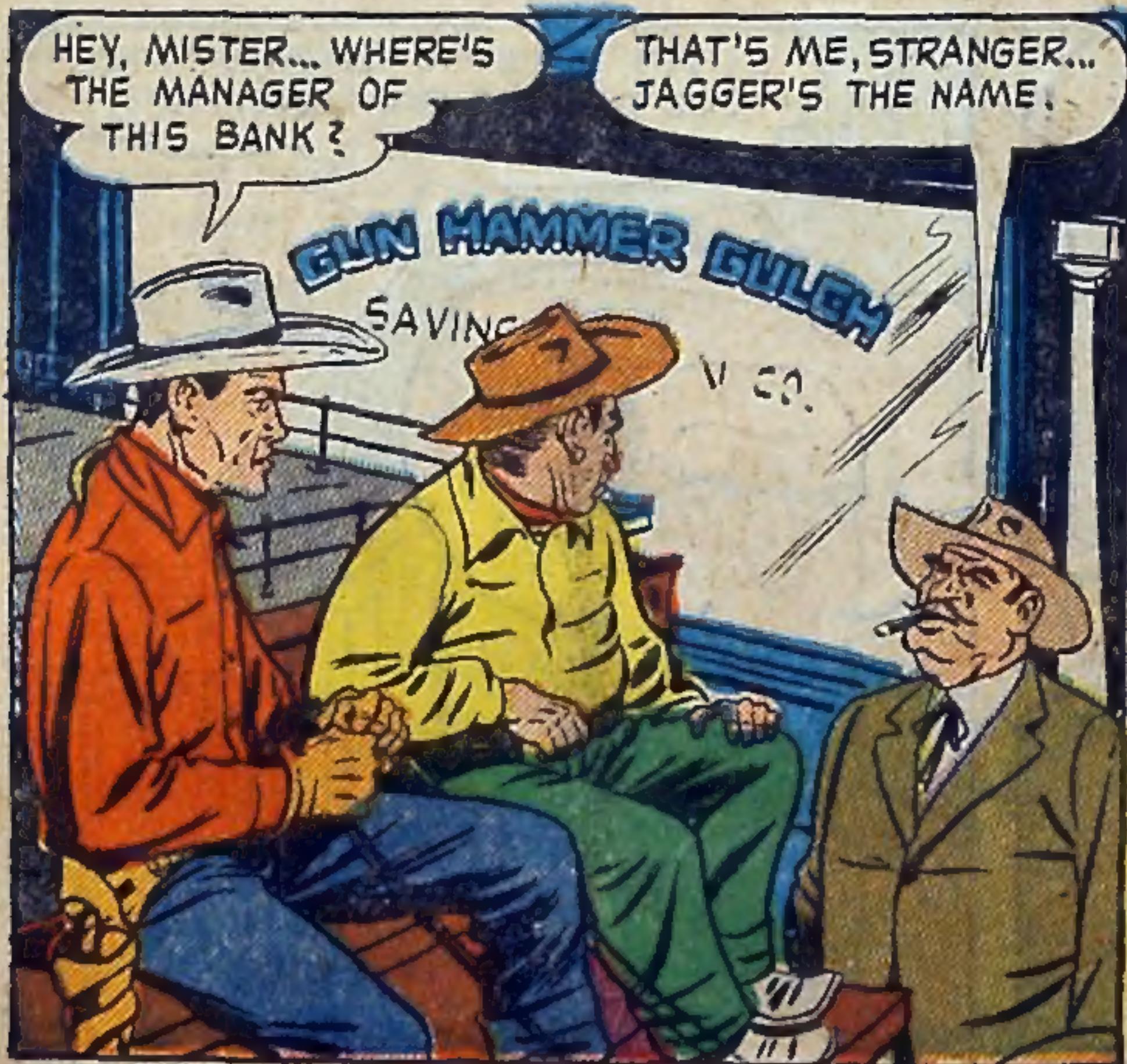
YUH NO-GOOD, SNAKE--LIVERED OWLHOOTS!



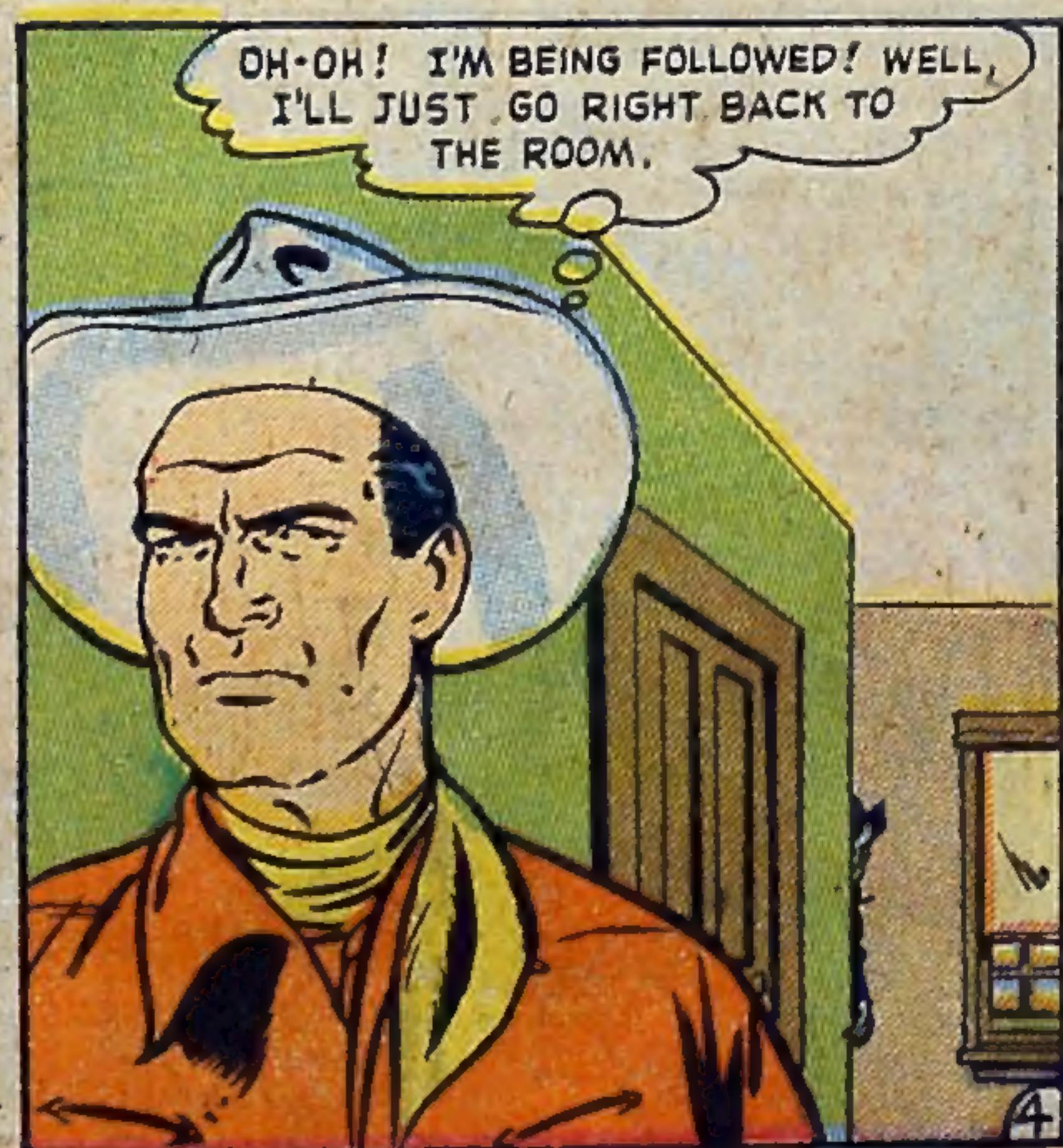
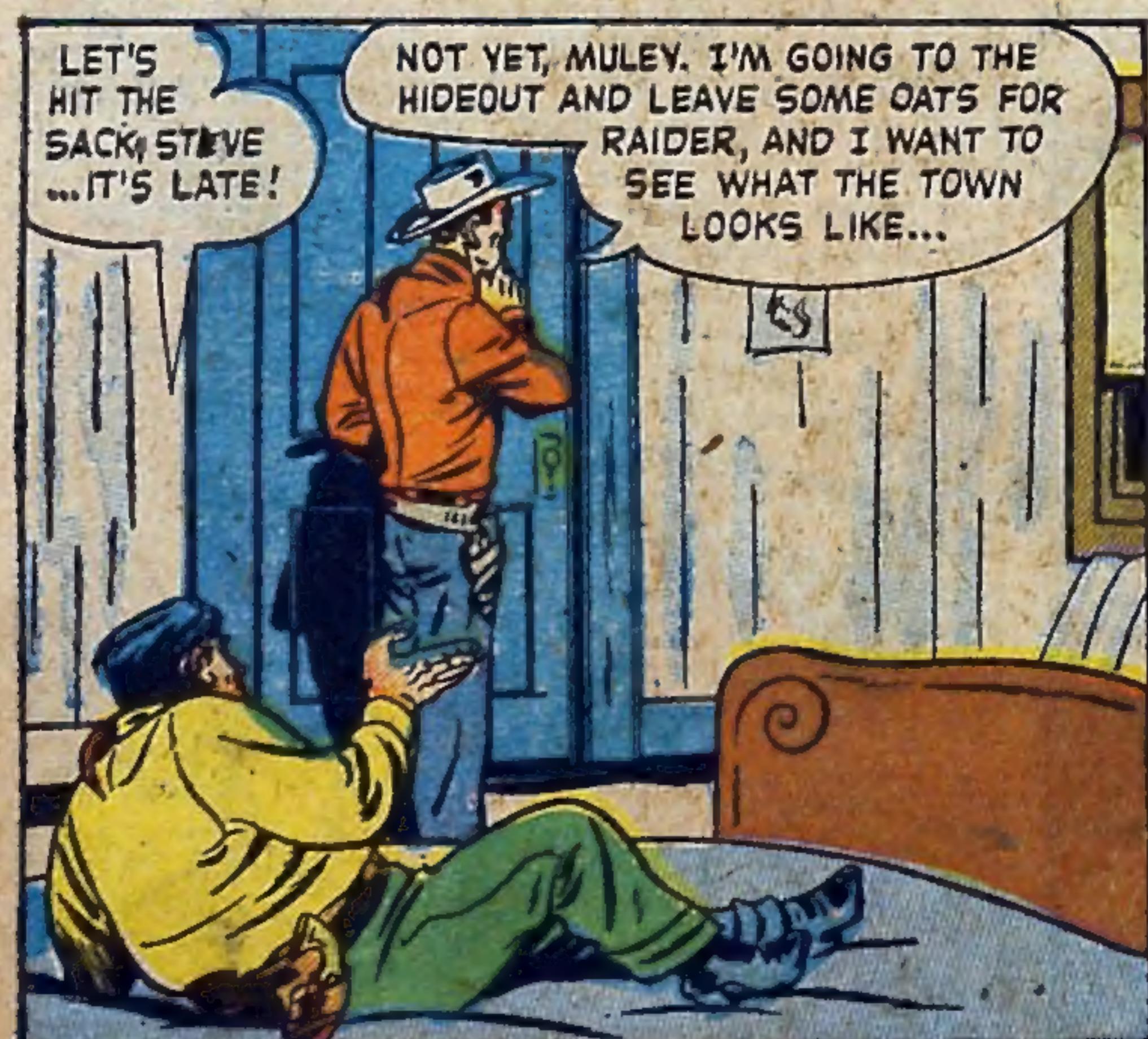
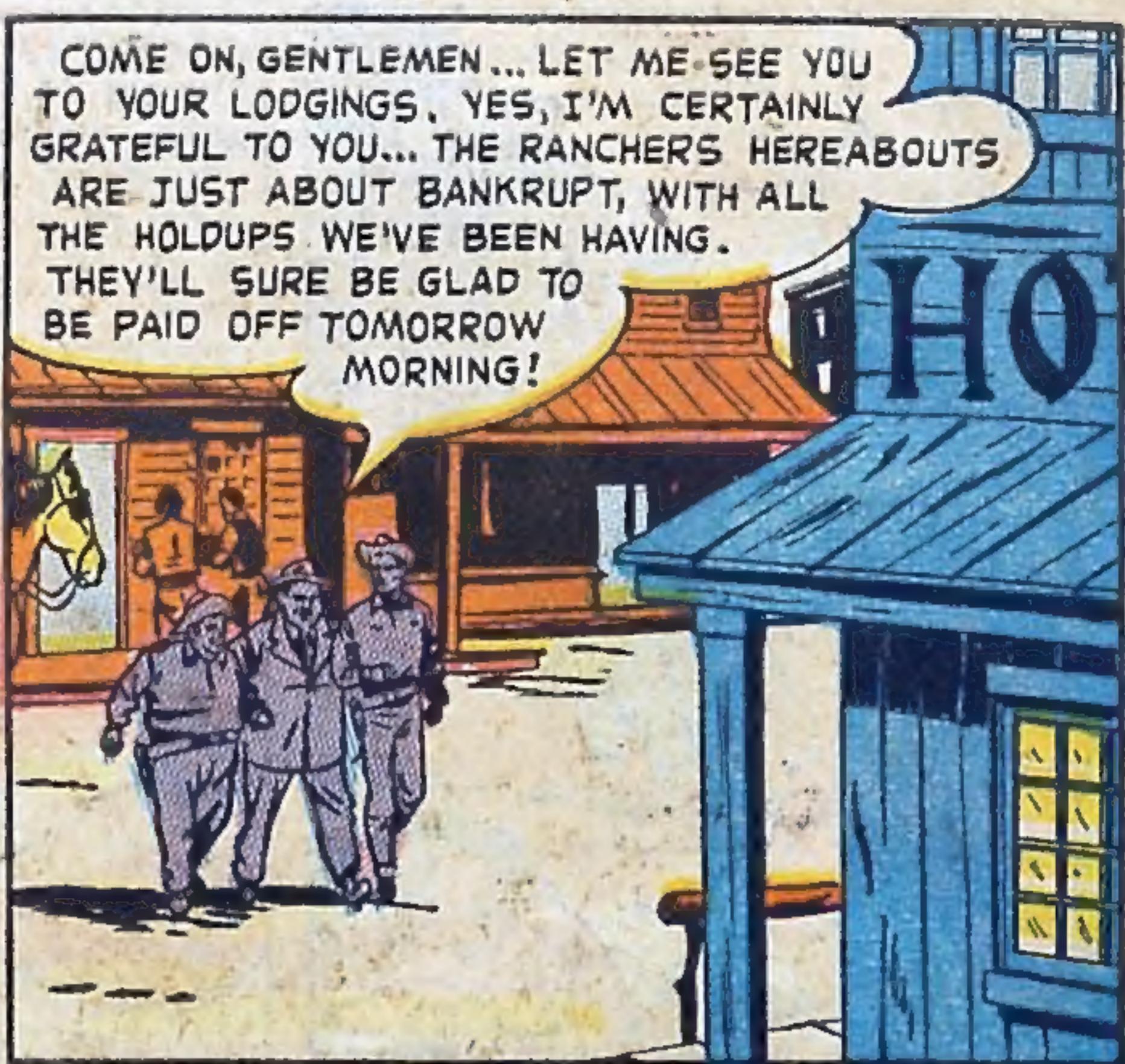
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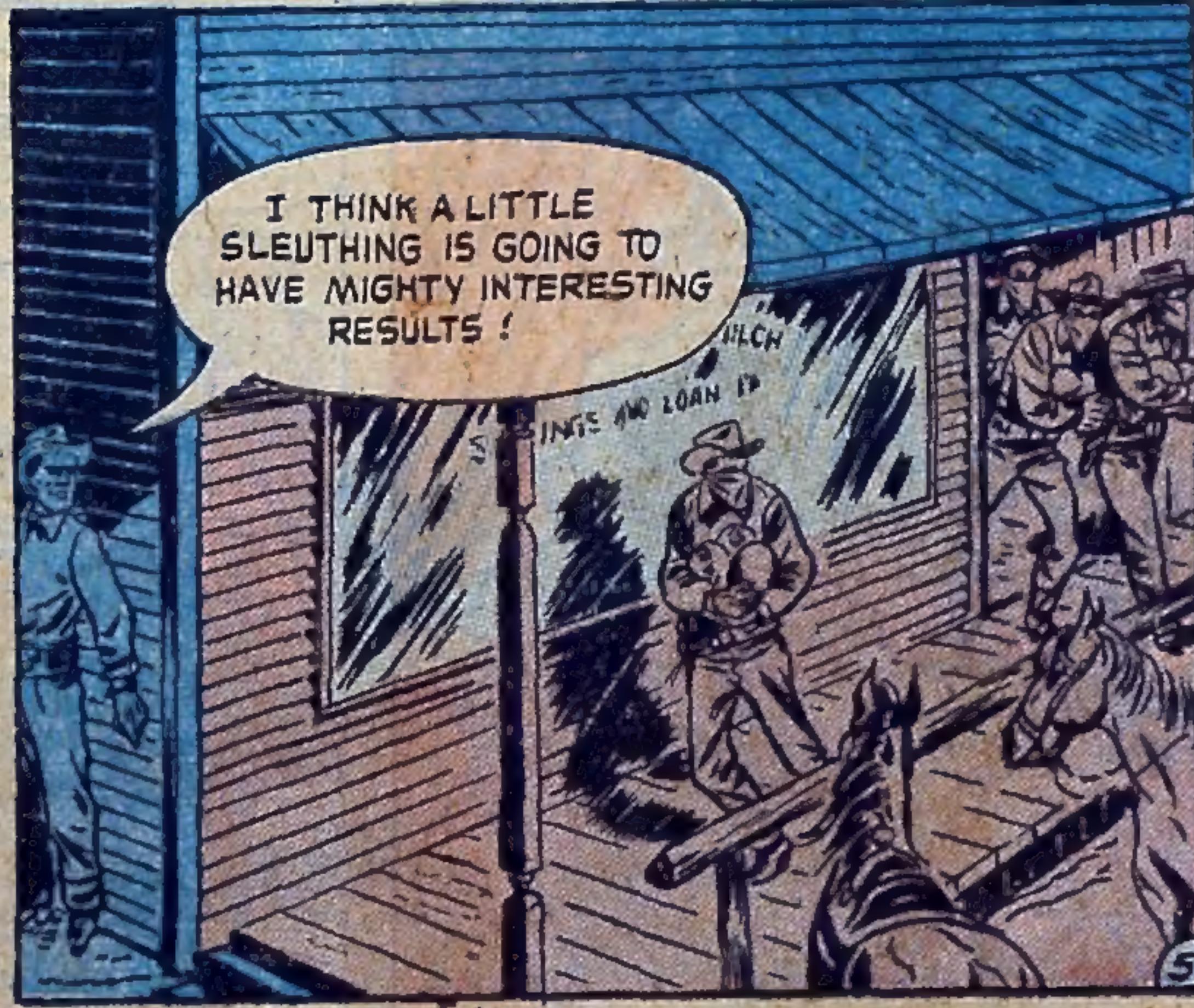
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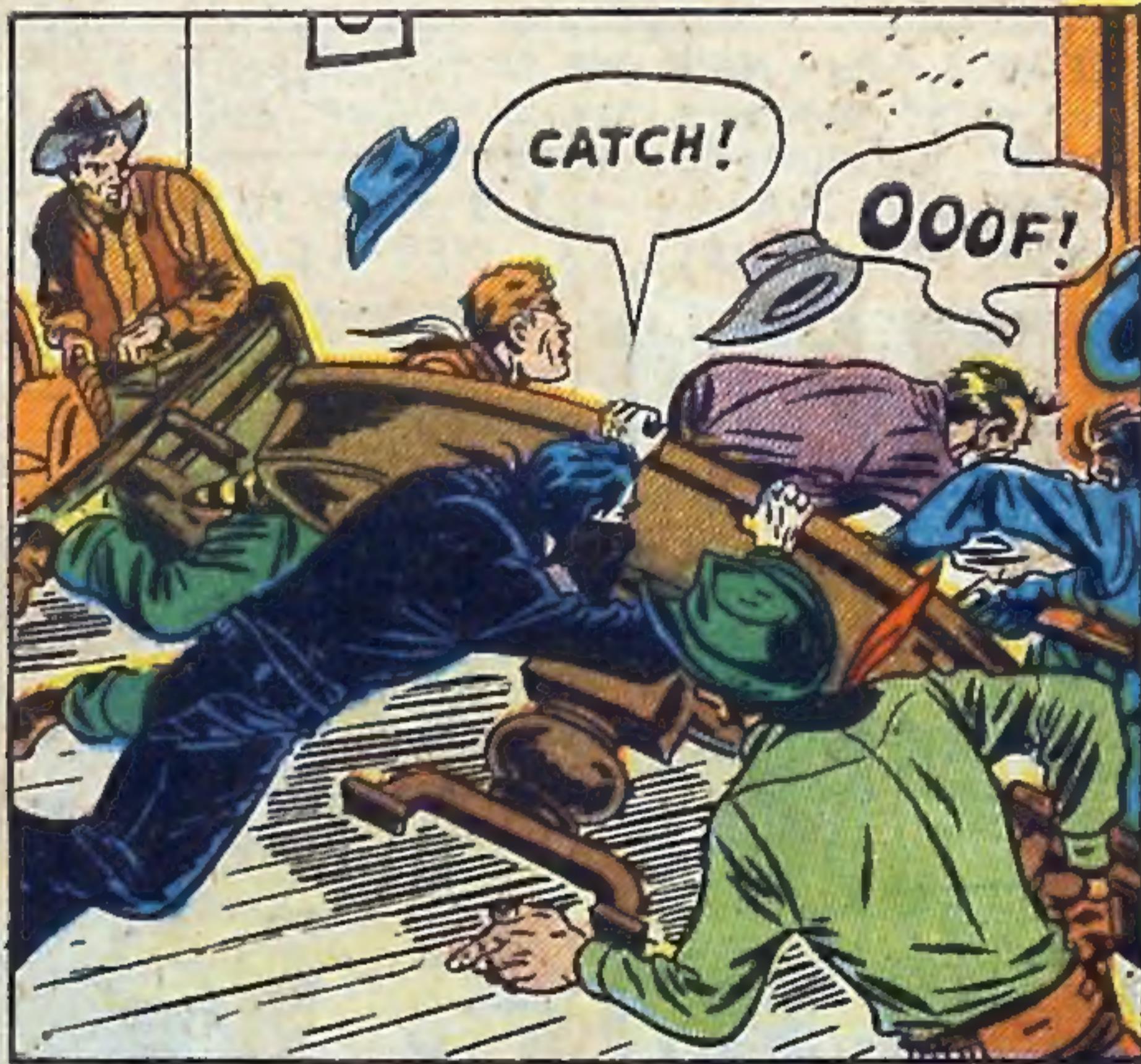
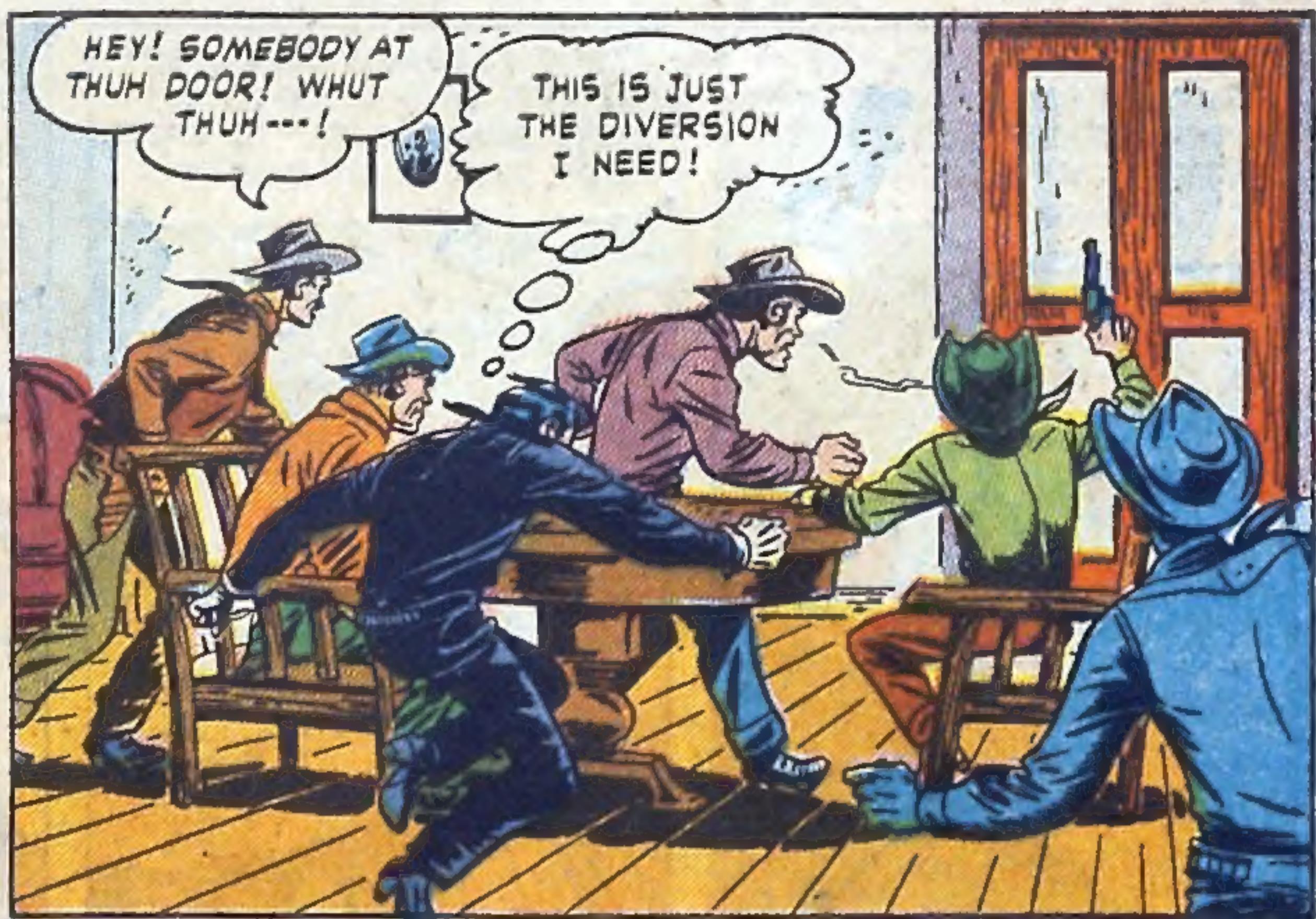
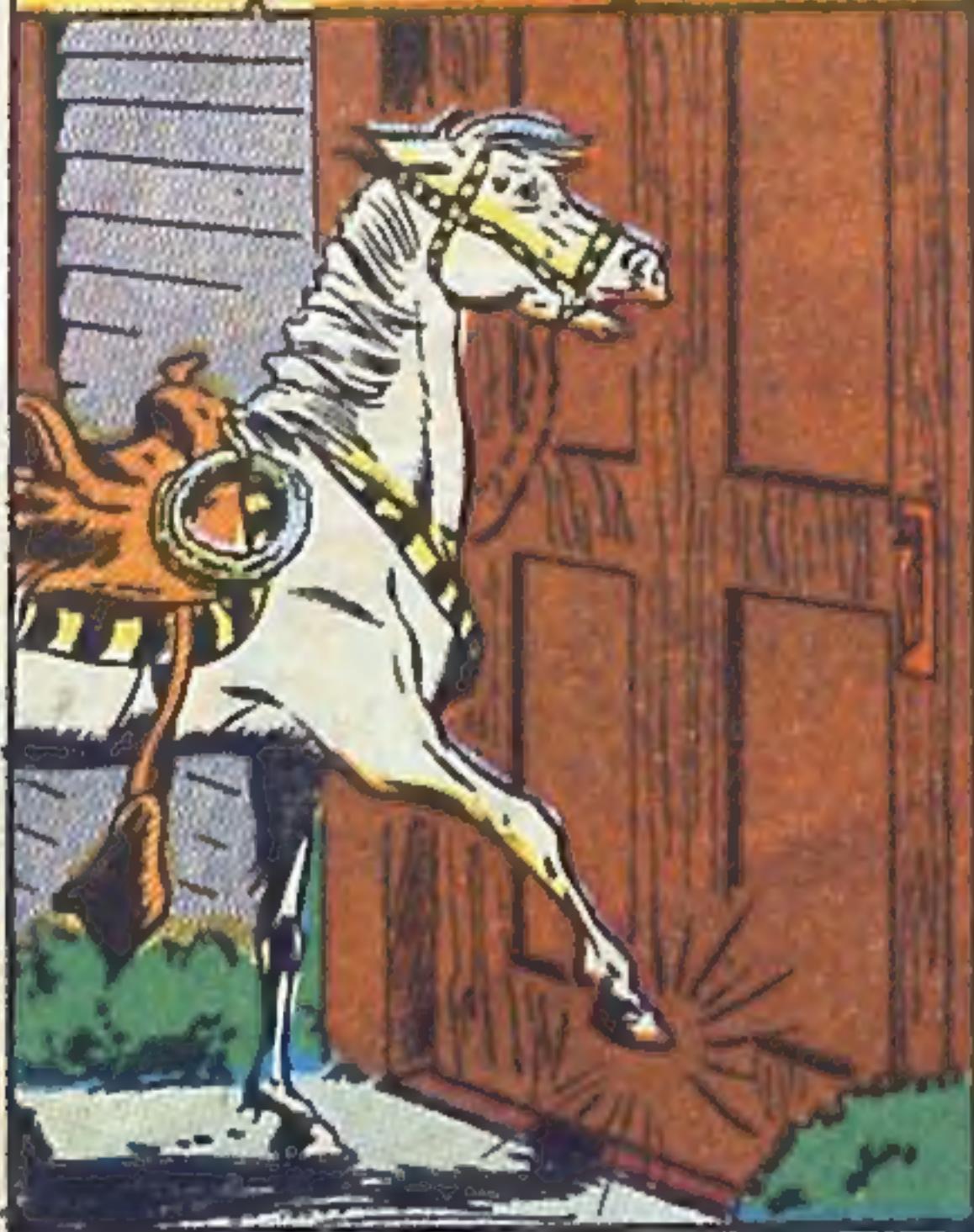


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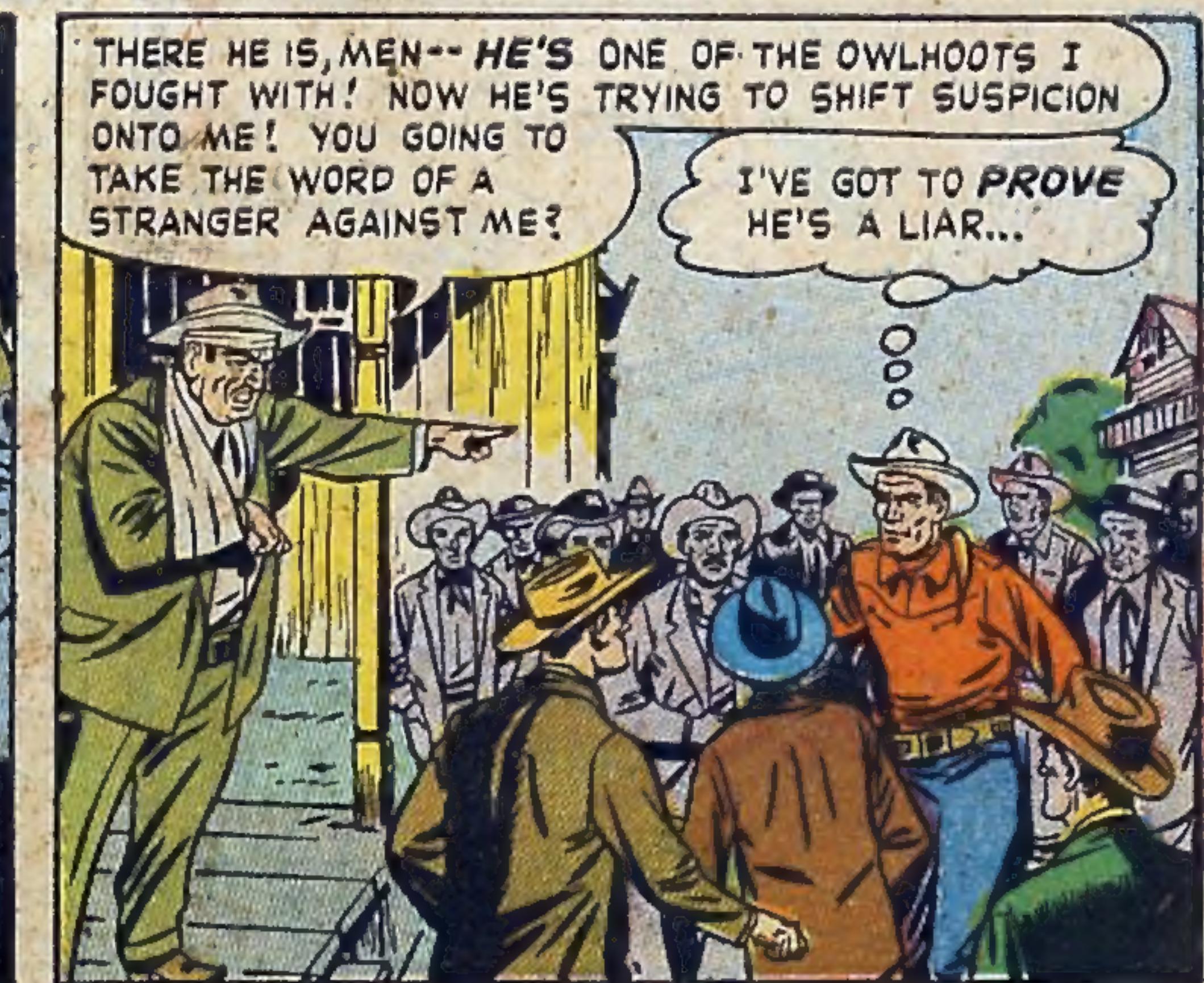
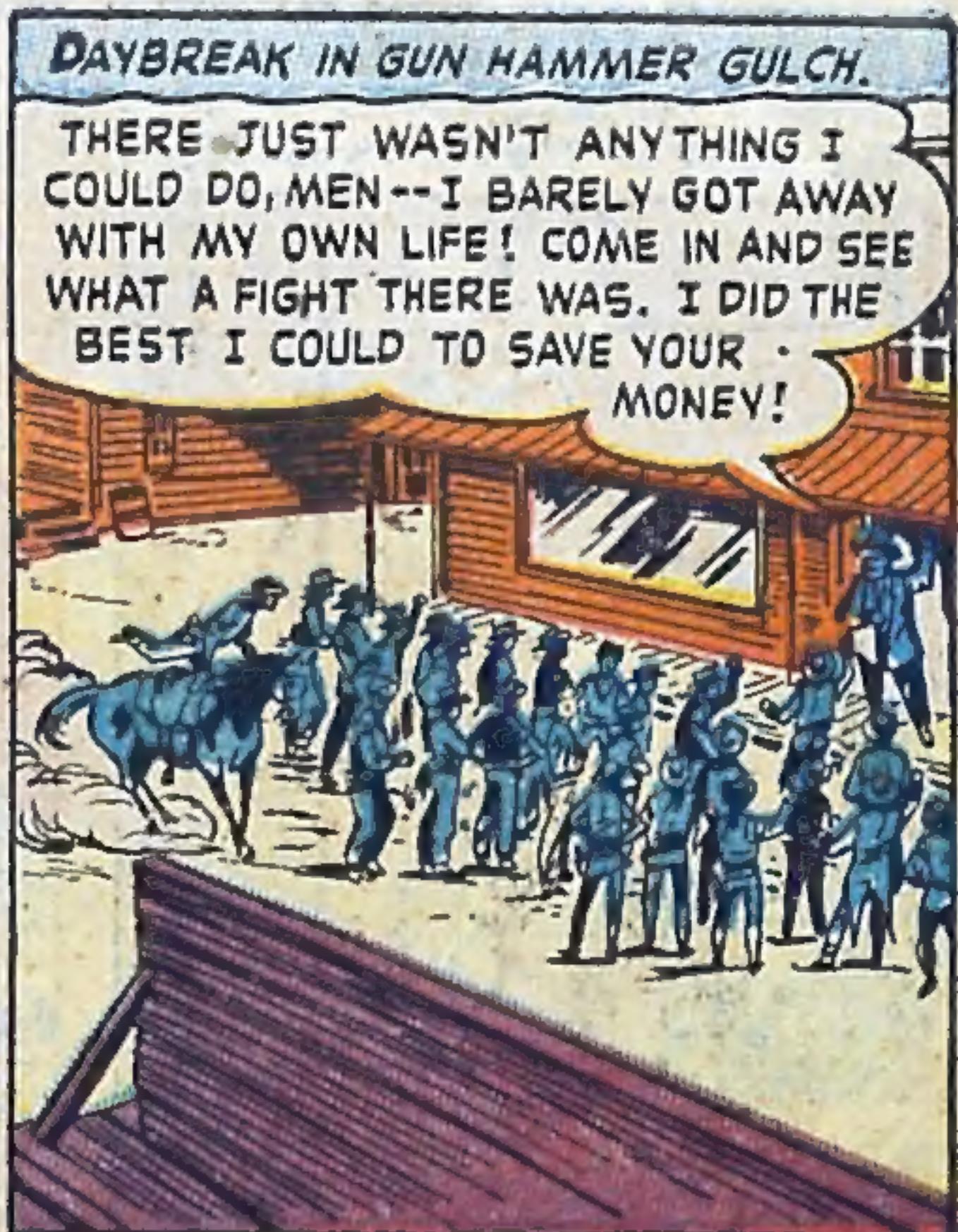


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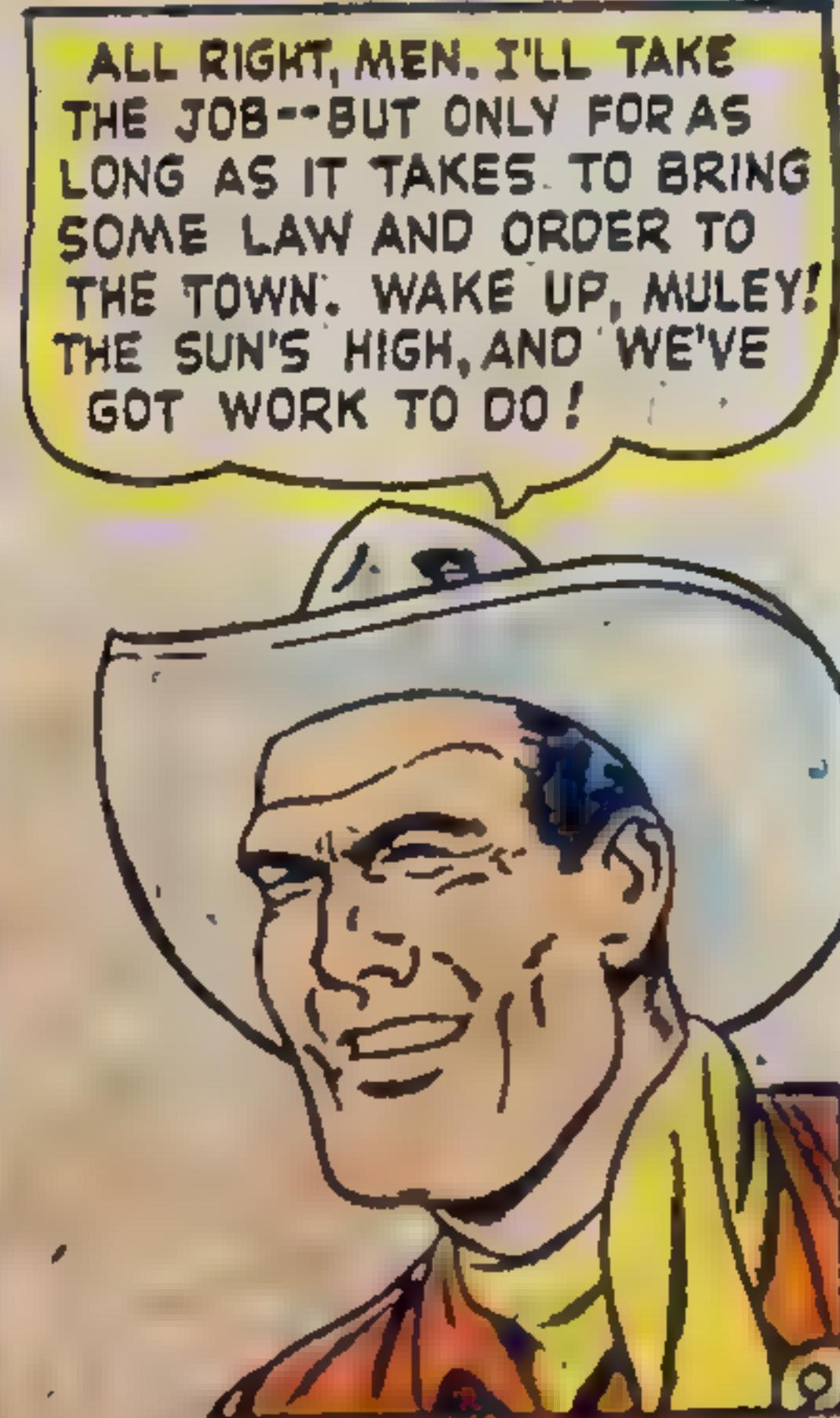
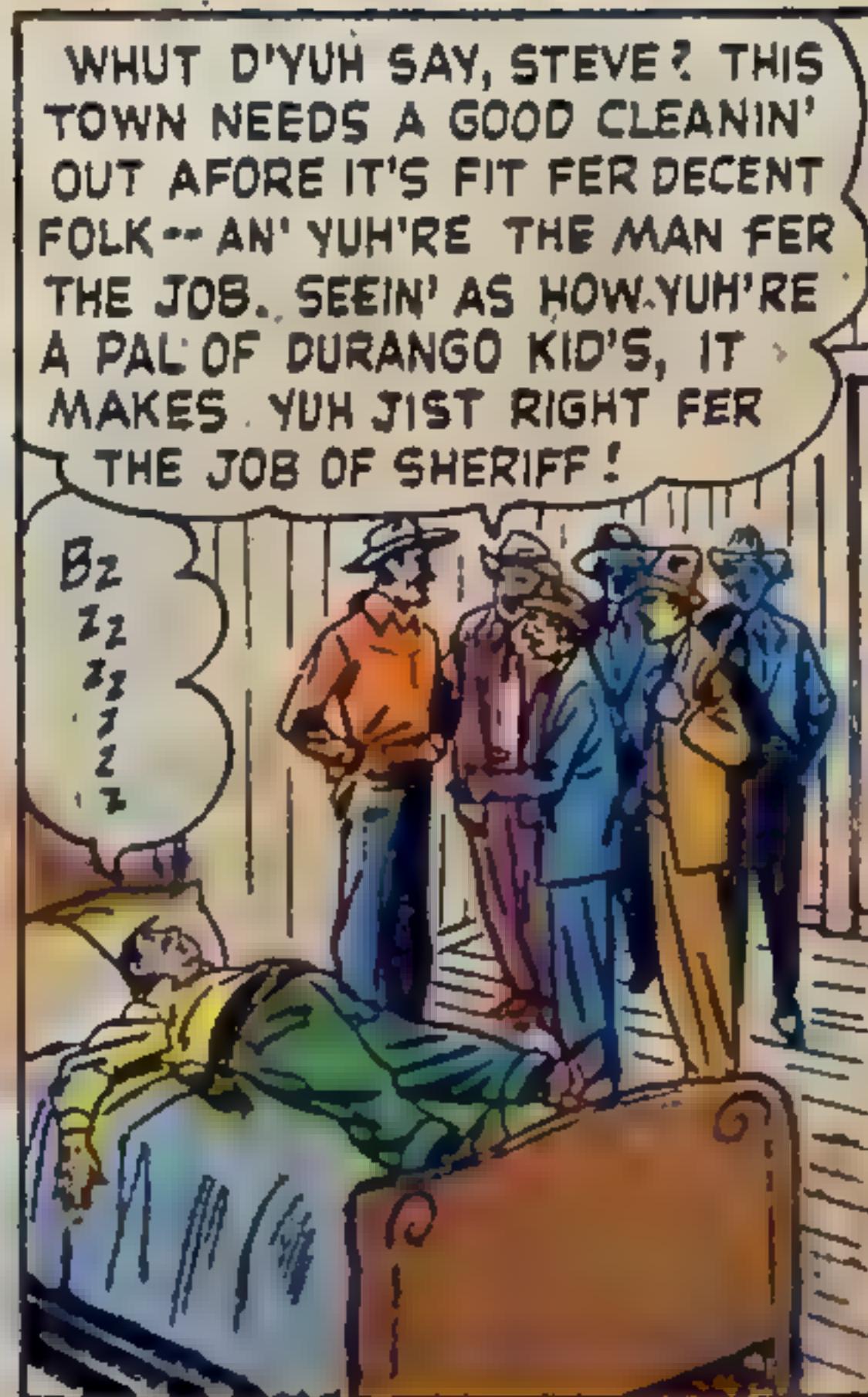
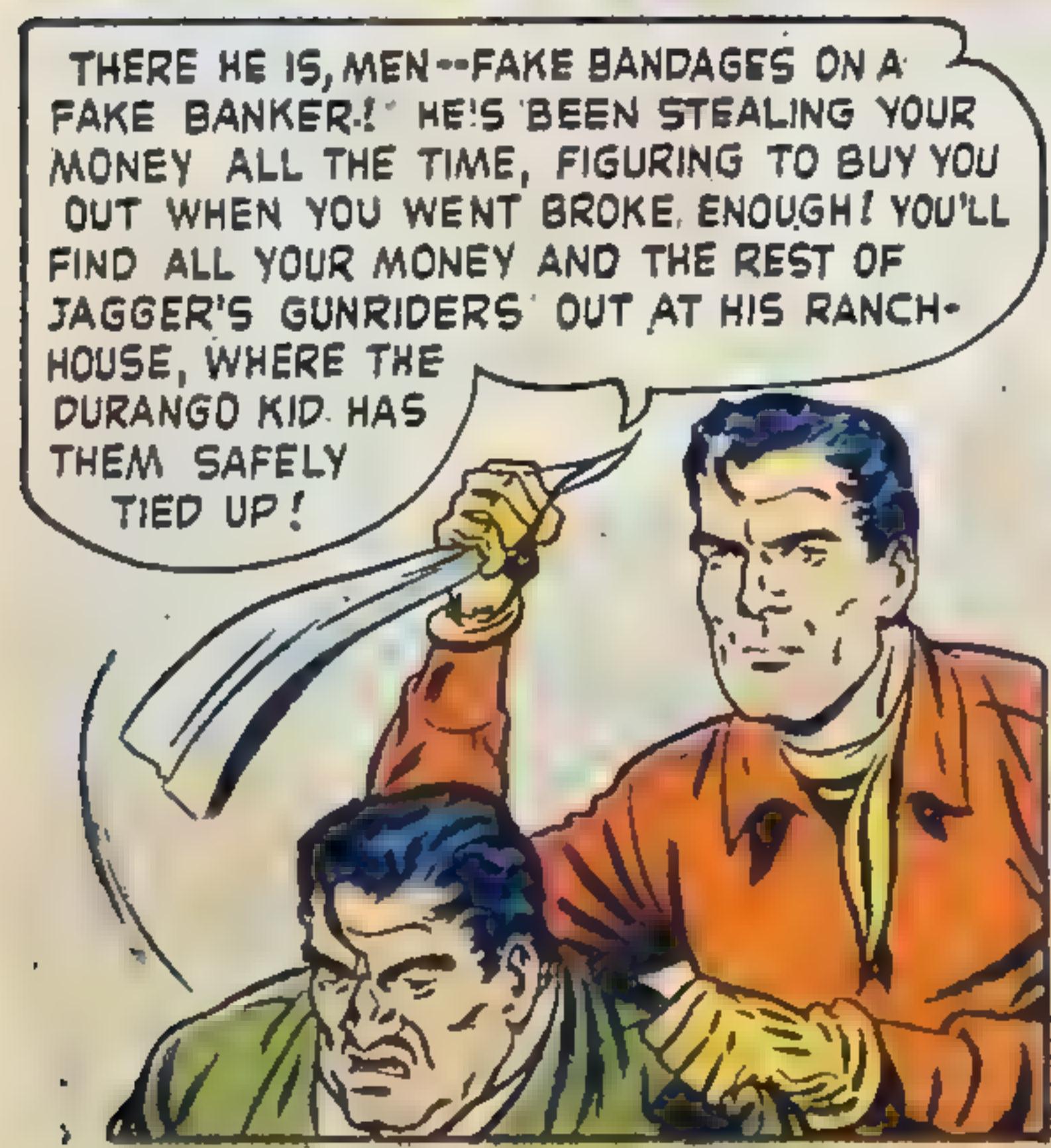
BUT OUTSIDE, THE ALERT RAIDER,  
SENSING TROUBLE, NOSES UP TO  
THE DOOR OF THE RANCH HOUSE.



# THE DURANGO KID



# THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID

THE

# DURANGO KID

IN  
BLOOD  
OF THE  
PIONEERS

TREACHERY RODE THE BLOOD-SOAKED TRAIL OF THE PIONEERS! THAT TOUGH BREED OF AMERICANS WHO HACKED A CIVILIZATION OUT OF WILDERNESS FOUND THEIR ROAD BLOCKED BY MEN LIKE DUTCH BRILLER AND BUCK DAWSON--MEN SO SOAKED IN EVIL THAT THEY STOPPED AT NOTHING, NOT EVEN THE MURDER OF INNOCENT WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN THEIR QUEST FOR MONEY AND LAND!

BUT THEY RECKONED WITHOUT STEVE BRAND, BETTER KNOWN AS THE DURANGO KID, WHO COULD RIDE FASTER, SHOOT STRAIGHTER AND HIT HARDER THAN THE BEST OF THEM!



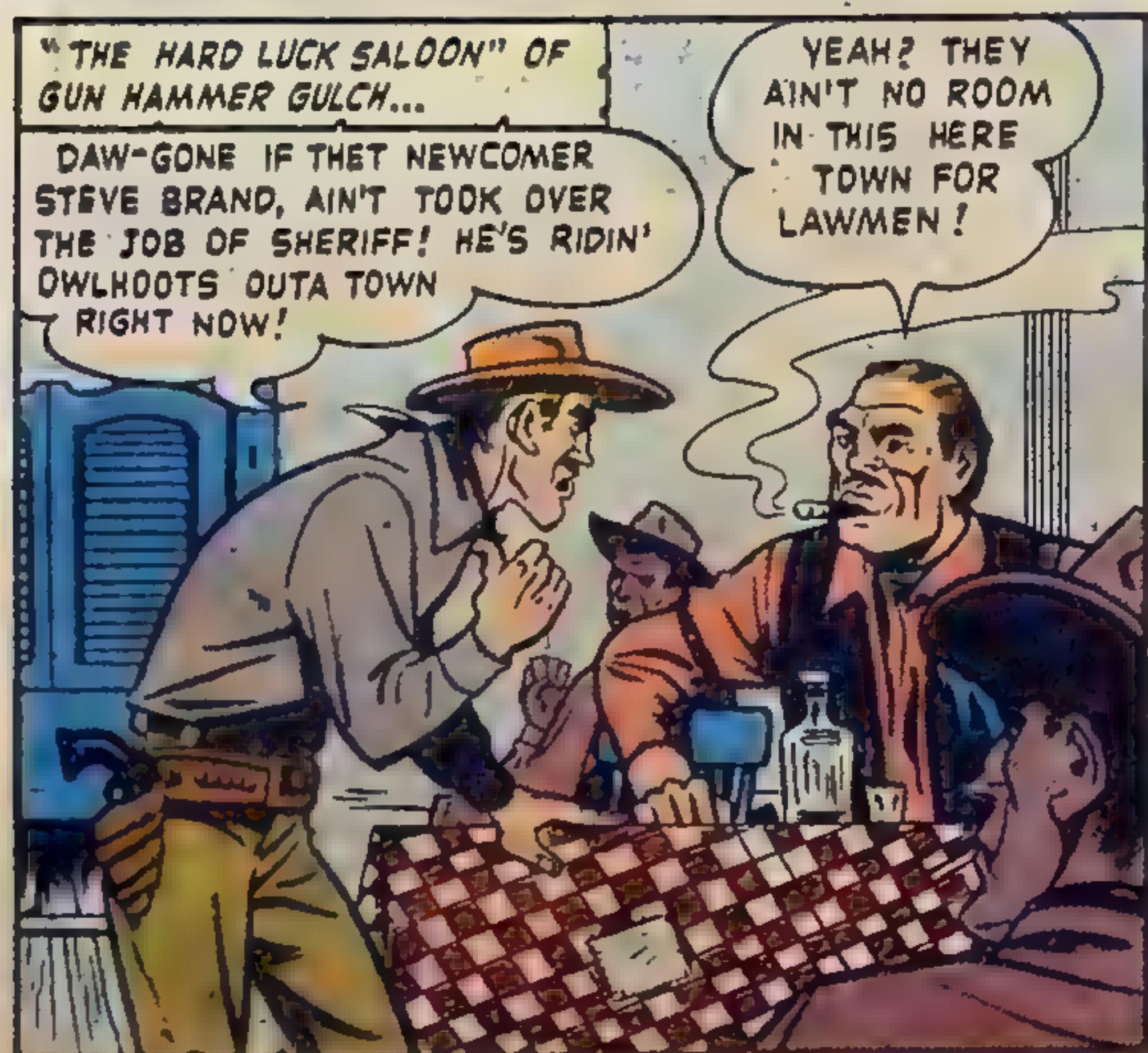
"THE HARD LUCK SALOON" OF GUN HAMMER GULCH...

DAW-GONE IF THET NEWCOMER STEVE BRAND, AIN'T TOOK OVER THE JOB OF SHERIFF! HE'S RIDIN' OWLHOOTS OUTA TOWN RIGHT NOW!

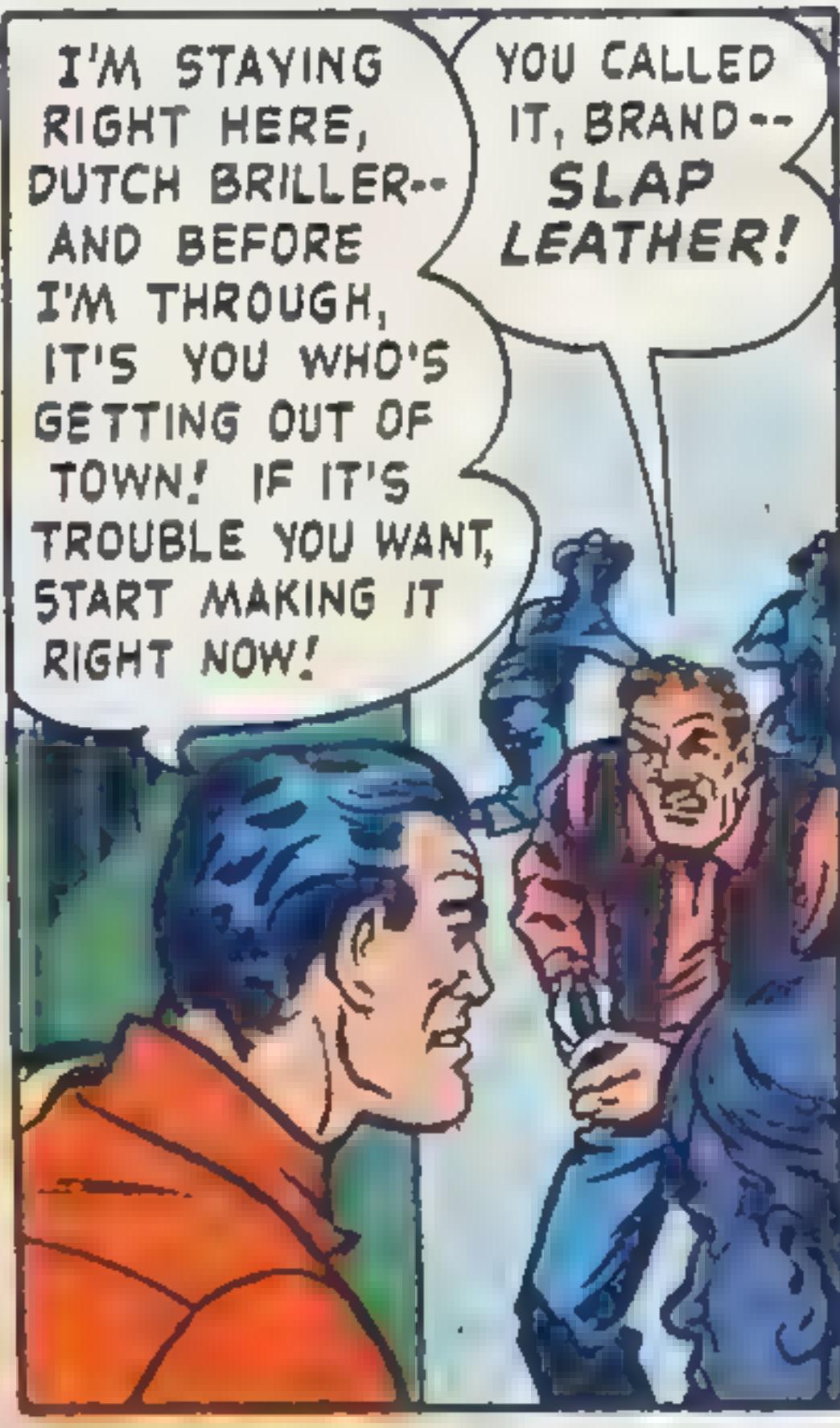
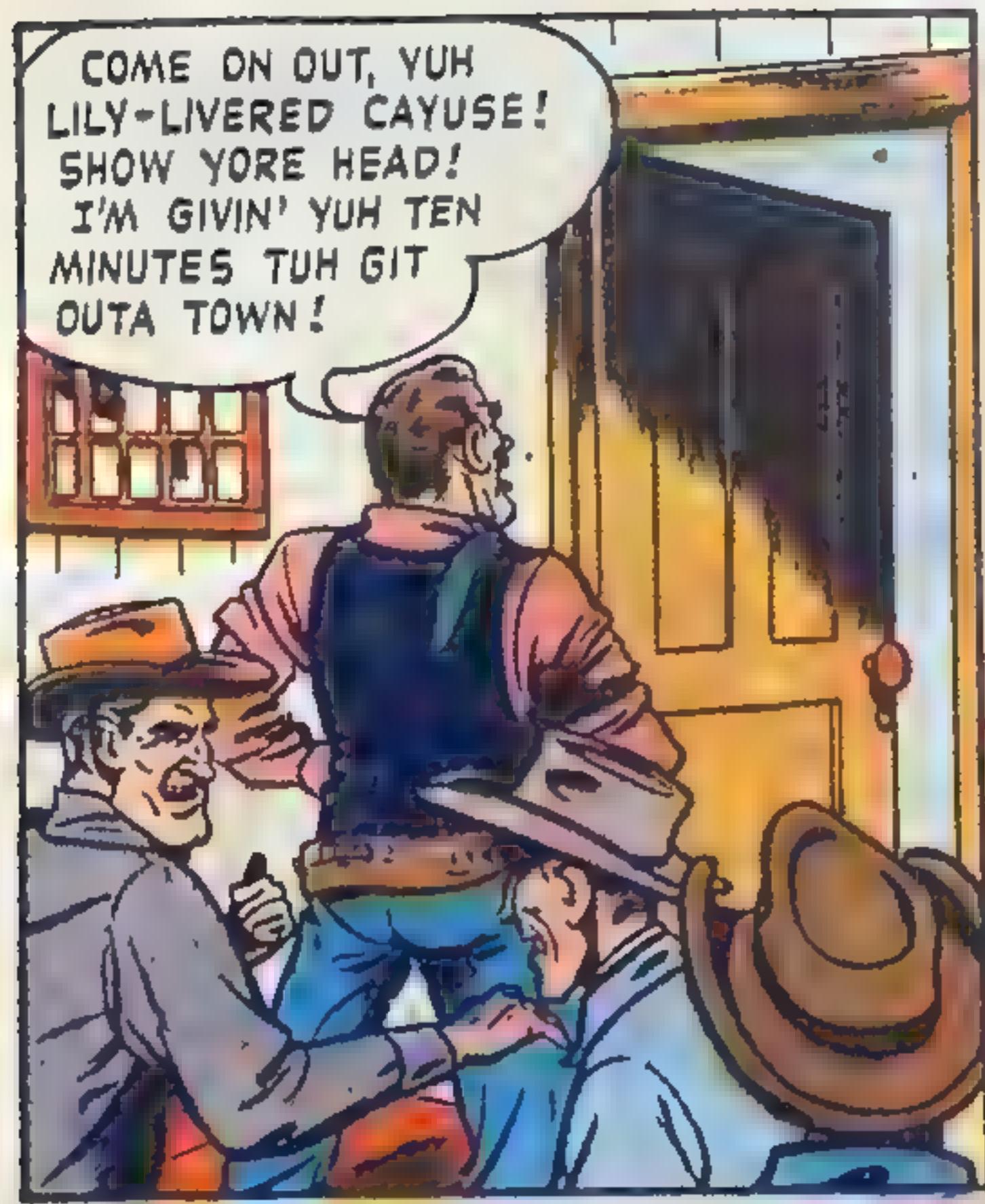
YEAH? THEY AIN'T NO ROOM IN THIS HERE TOWN FOR LAWMEN!

FOLLEY ME, MEN--AN' WATCH THE FUN! WE'RE GOIN' TUH STRING UP THIS HERE SHERIFF JUST LIKE WE DONE THE OTHERS!

HOT DIGGERTY!



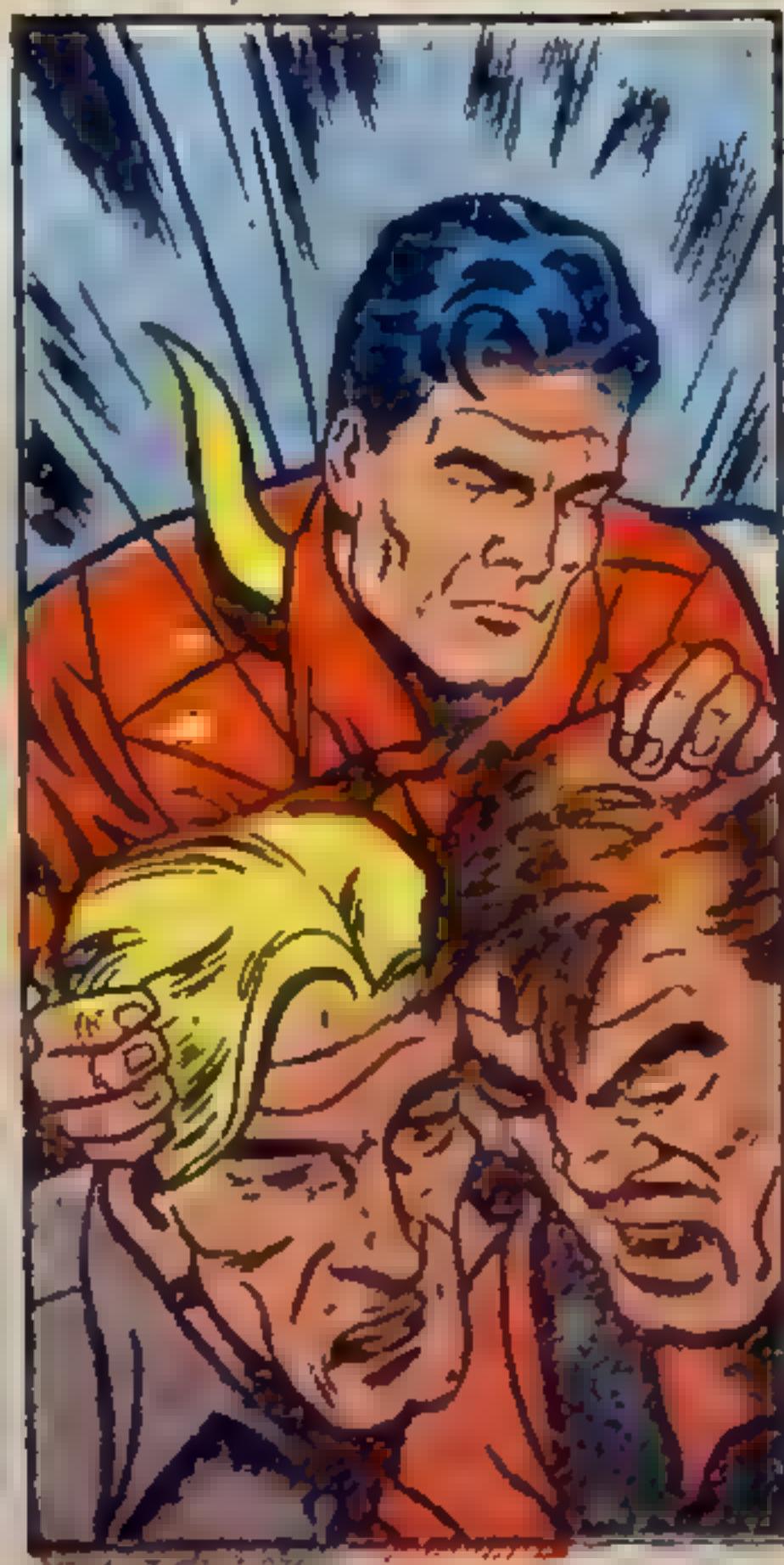
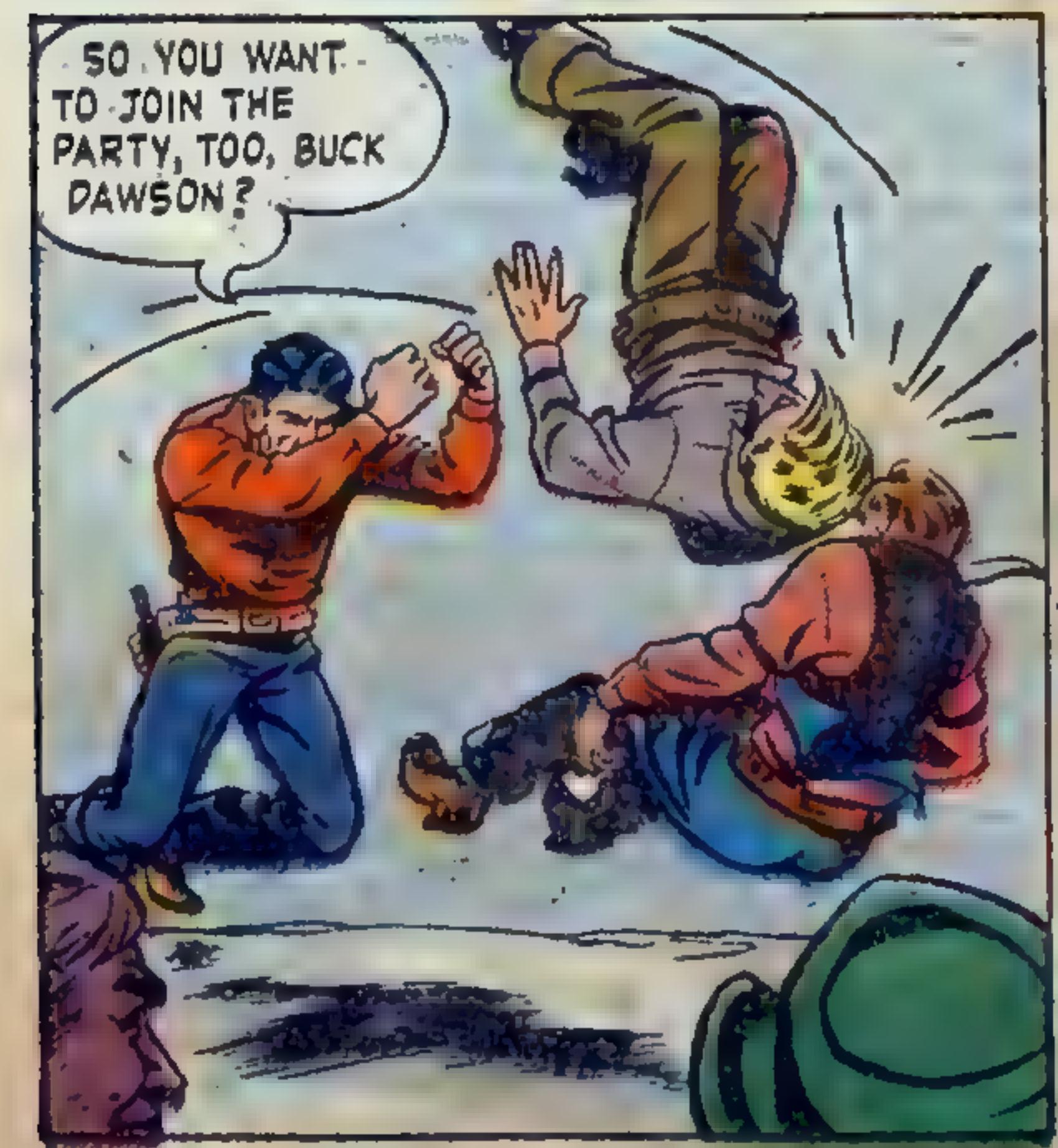
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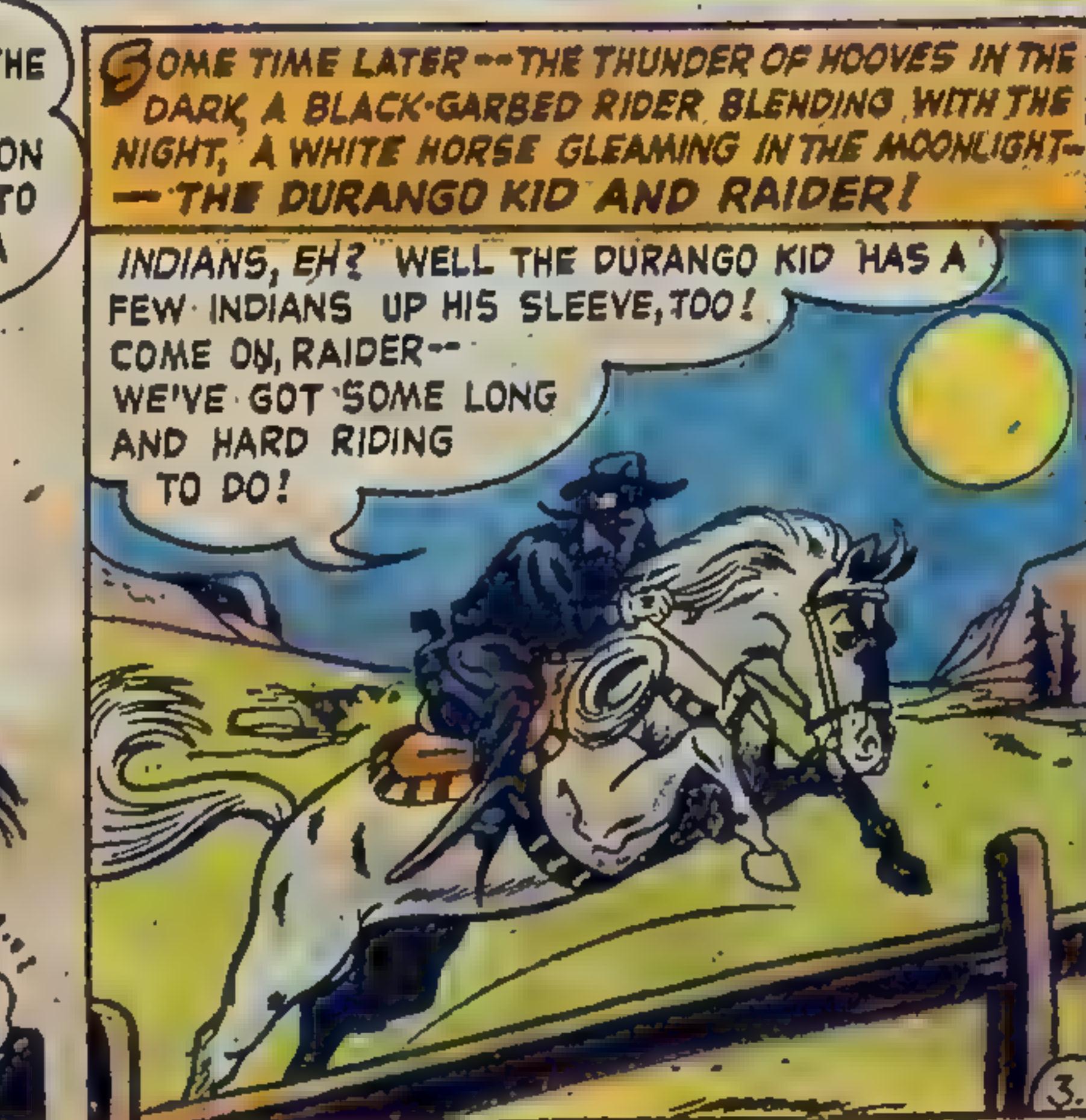
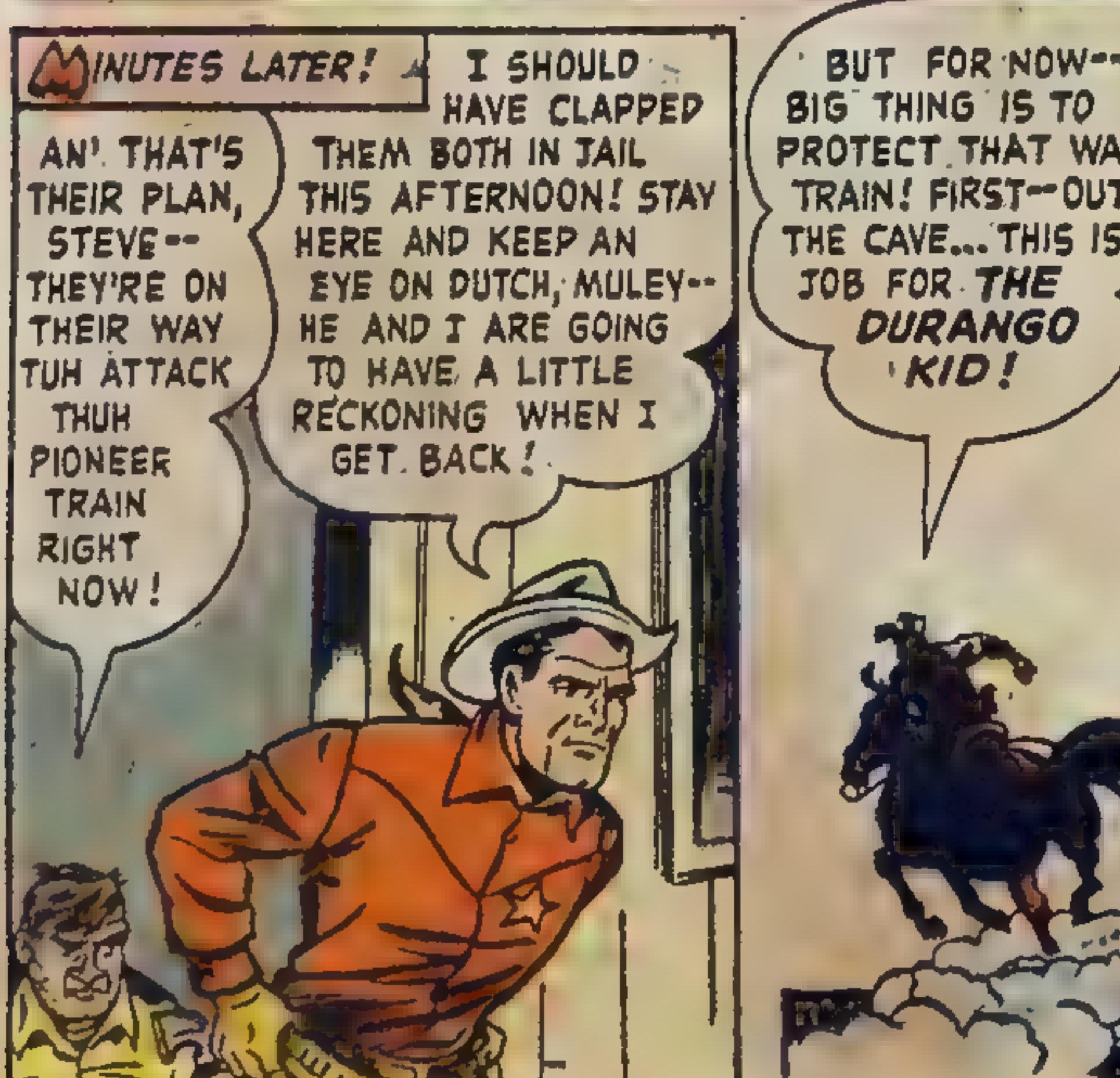
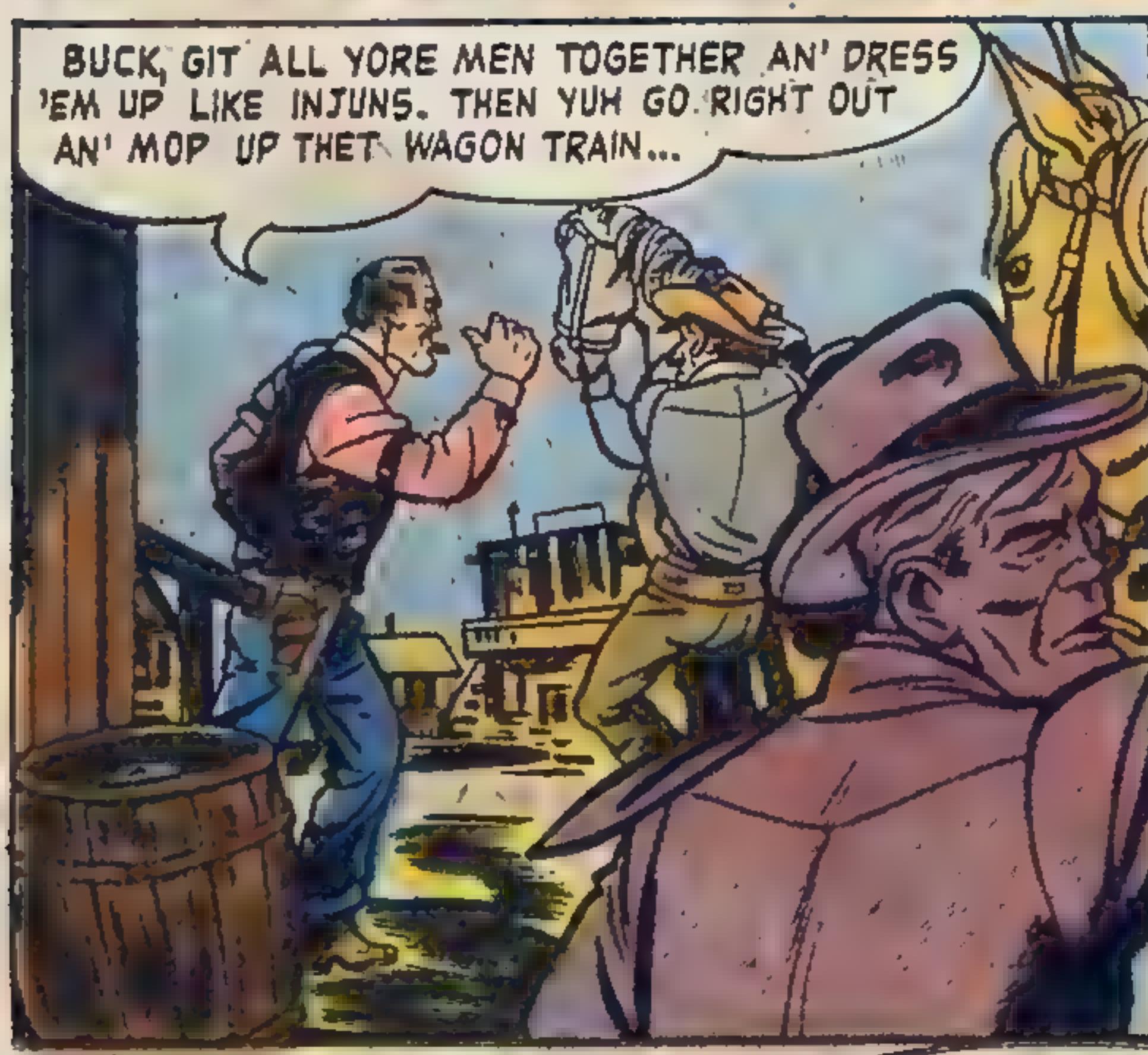
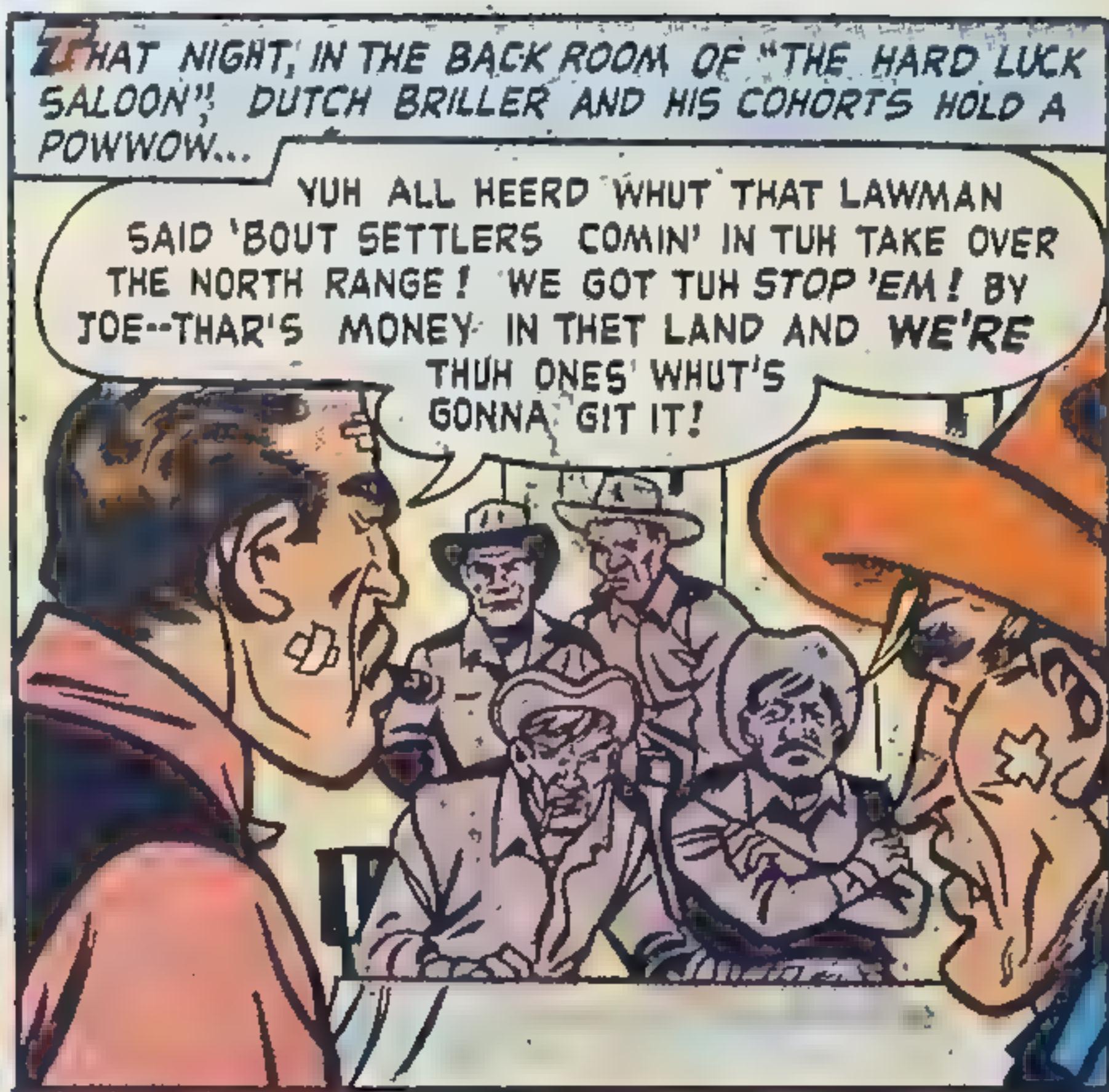
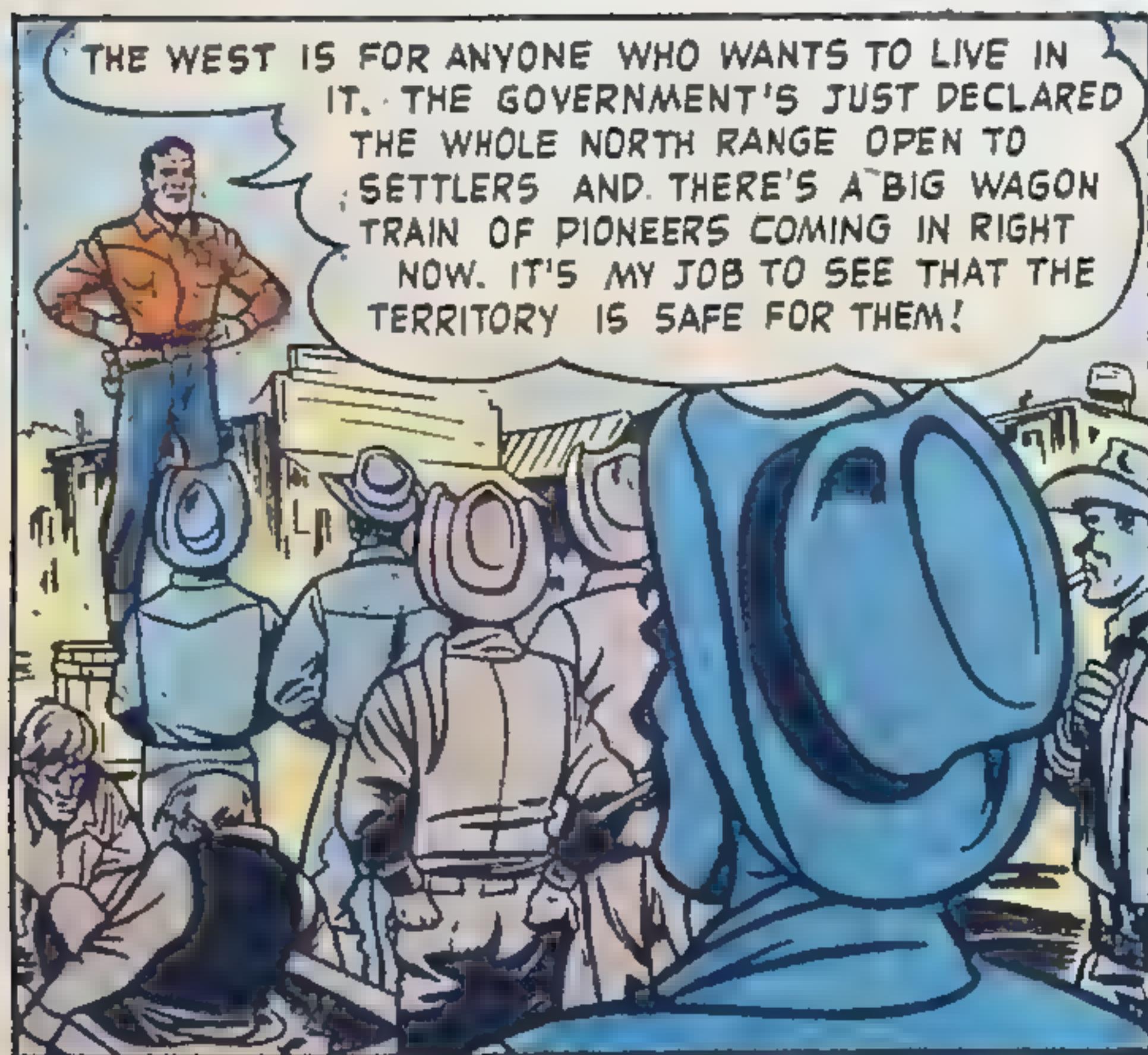
ERK!



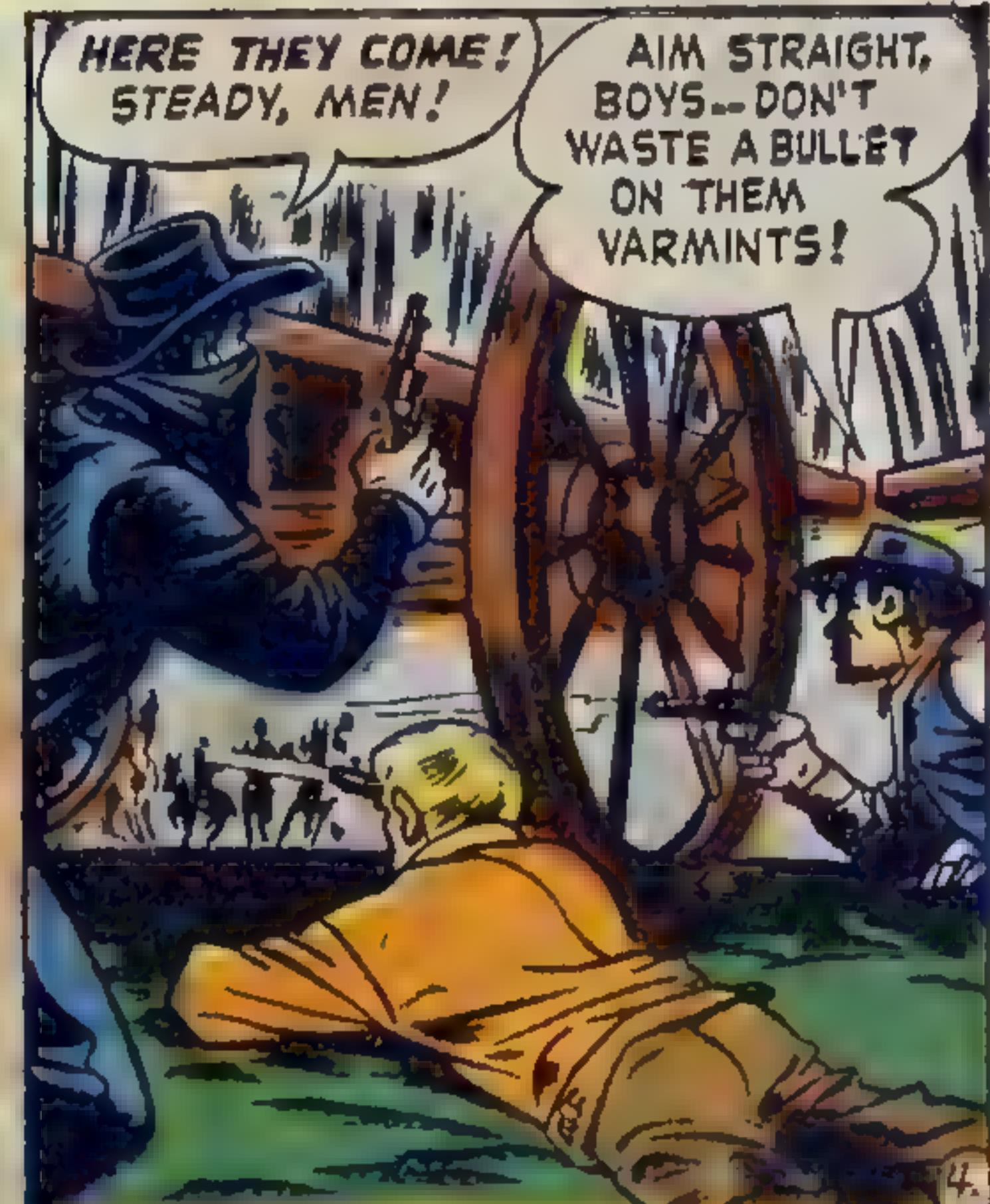
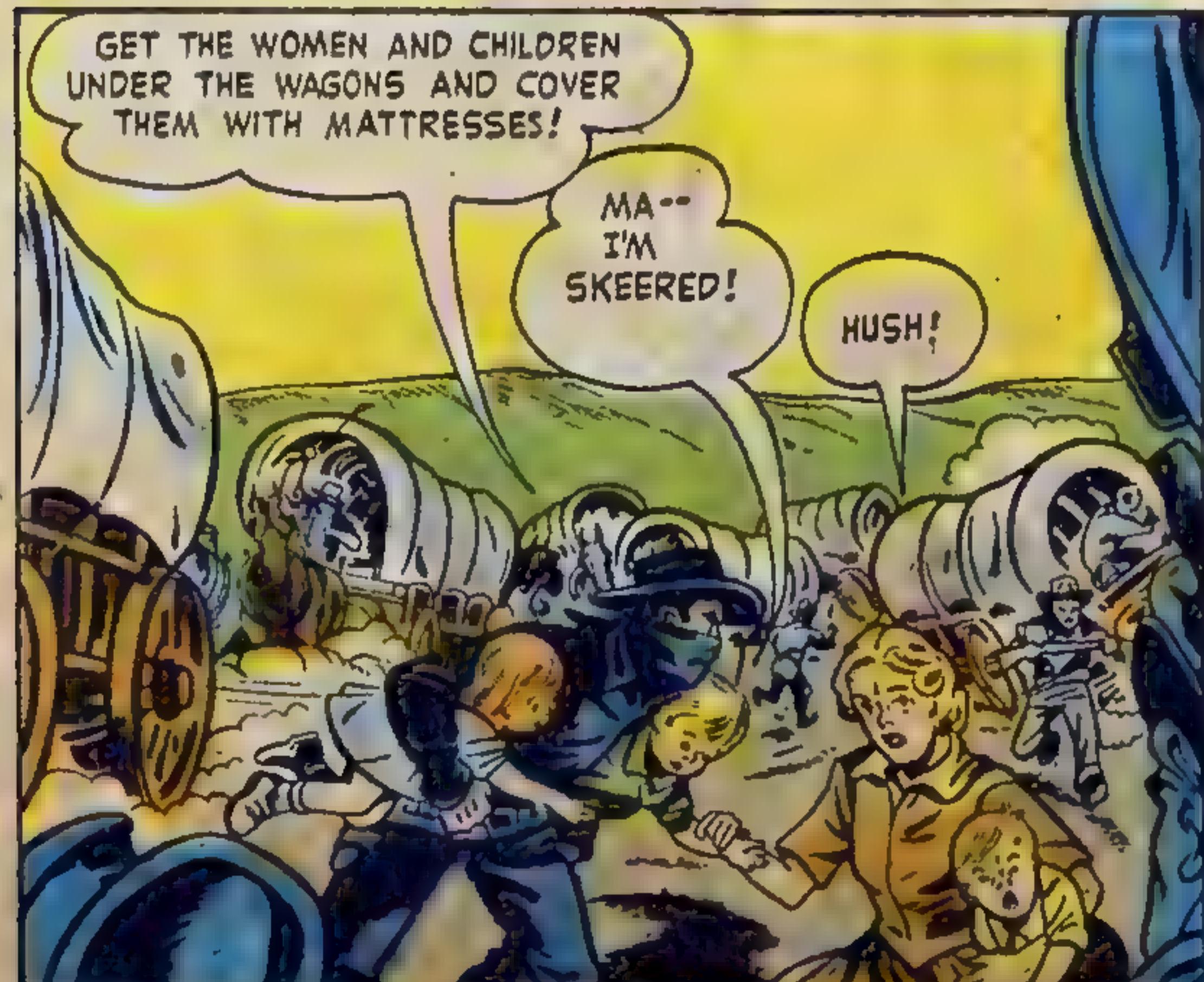
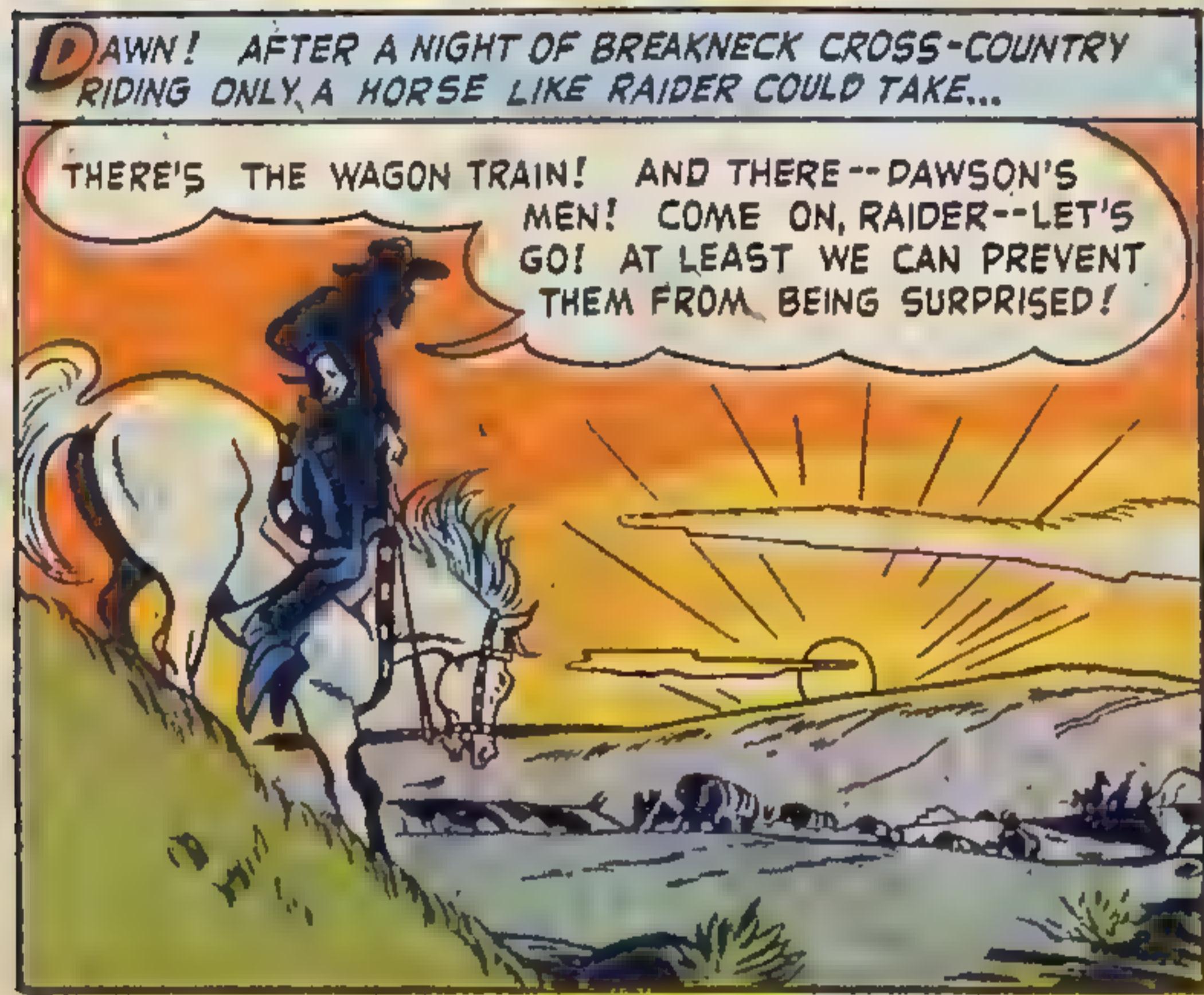
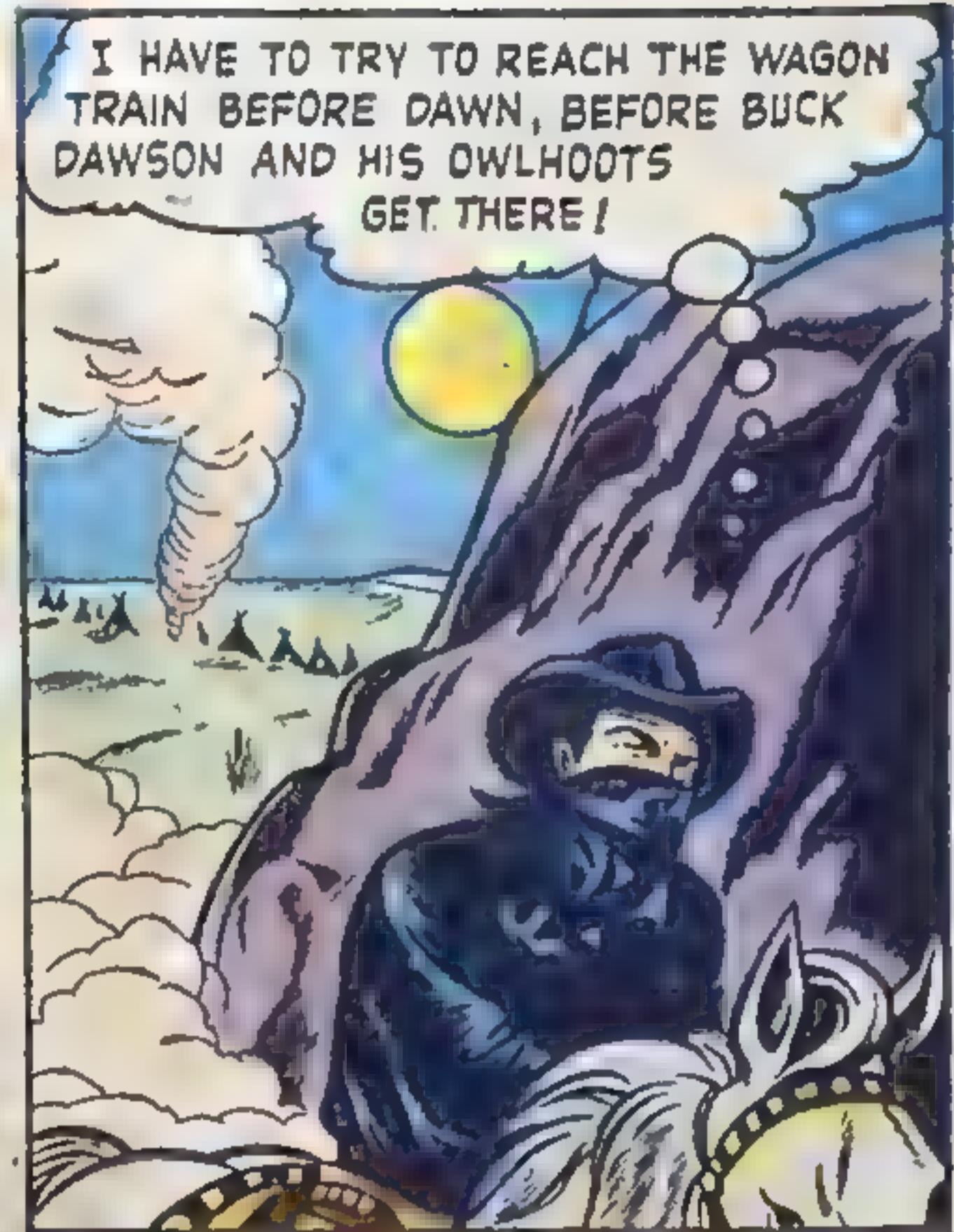
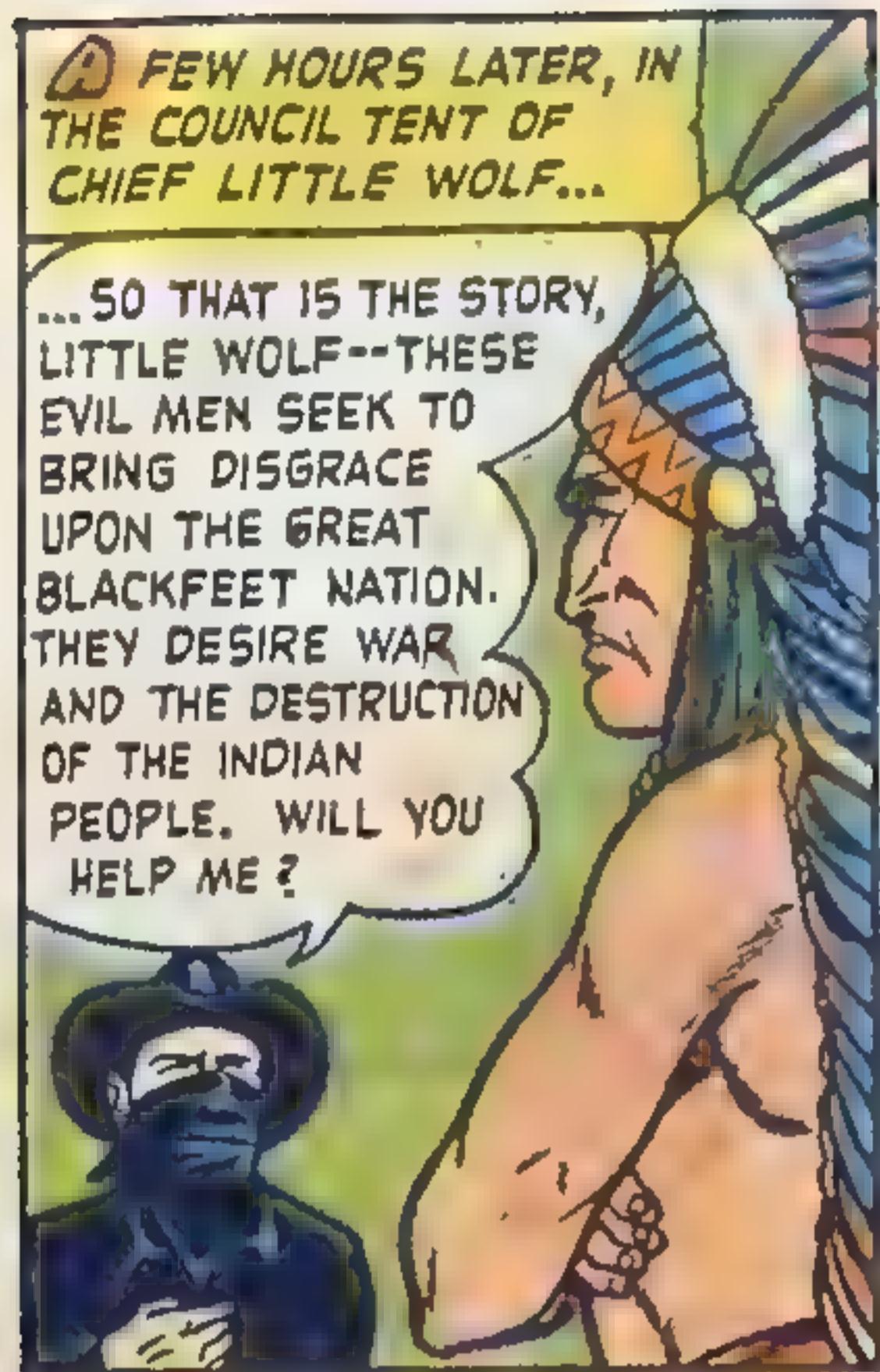
WATCH OUT STEVE - BEHIND YOU!



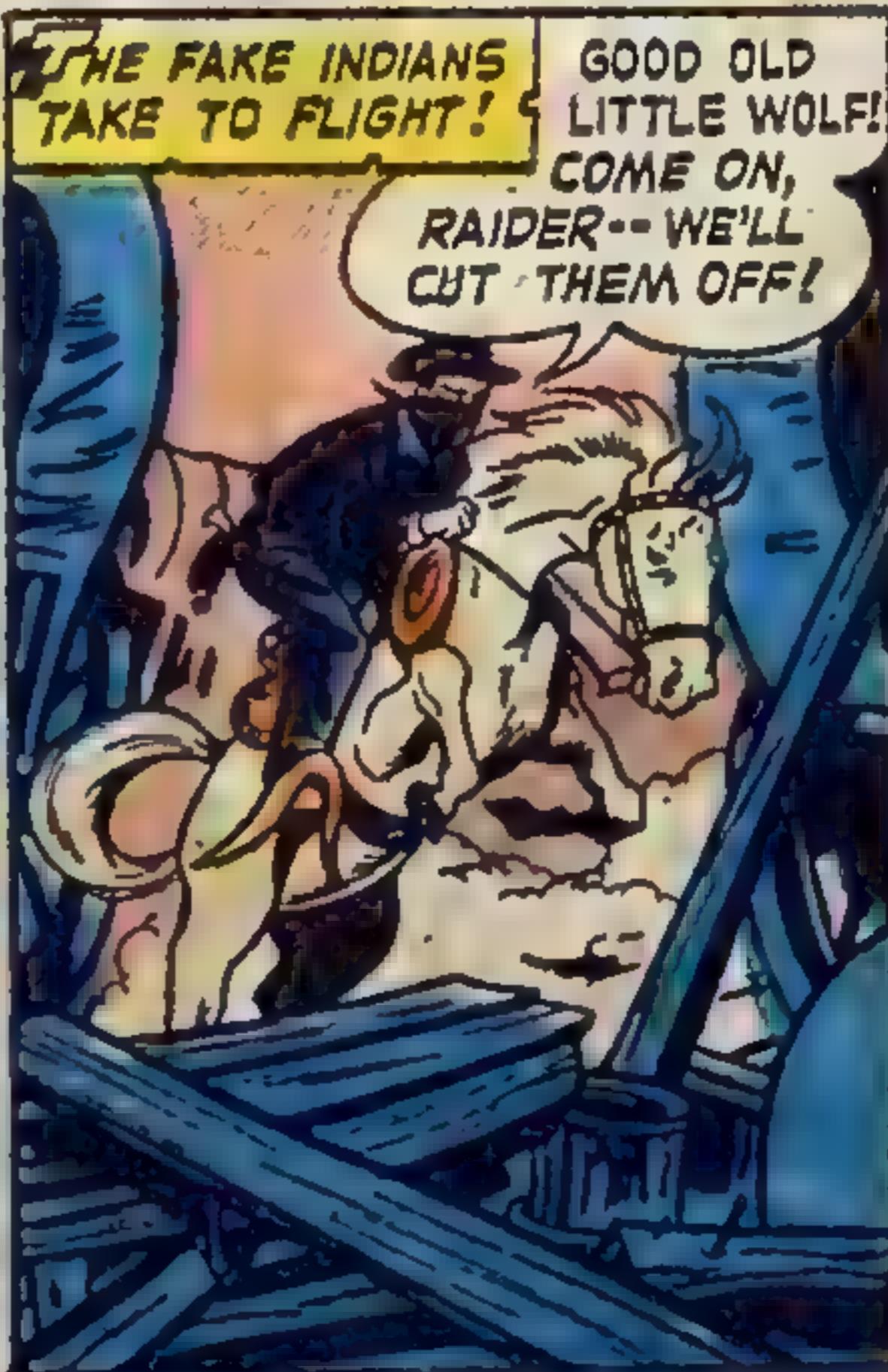
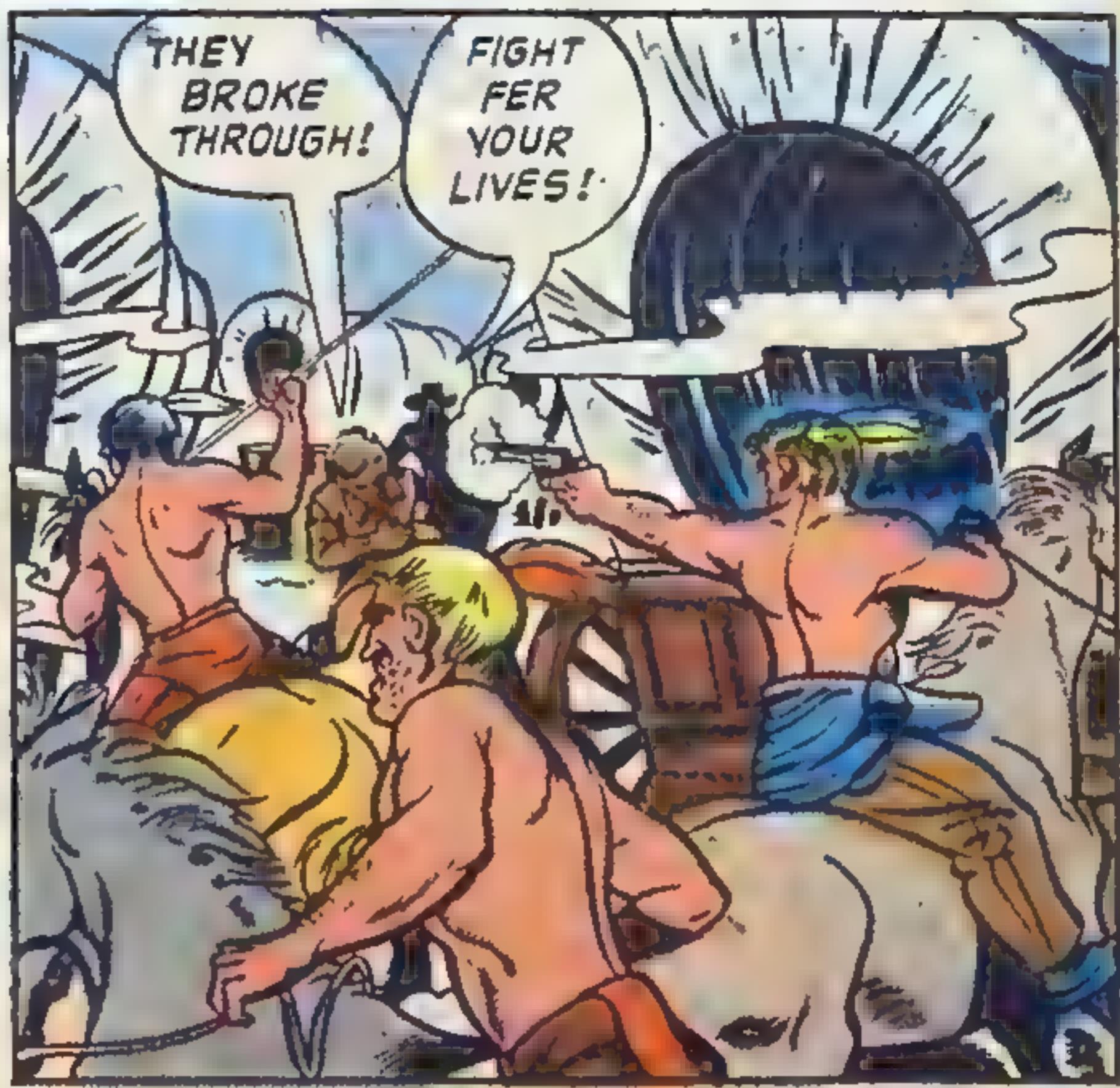
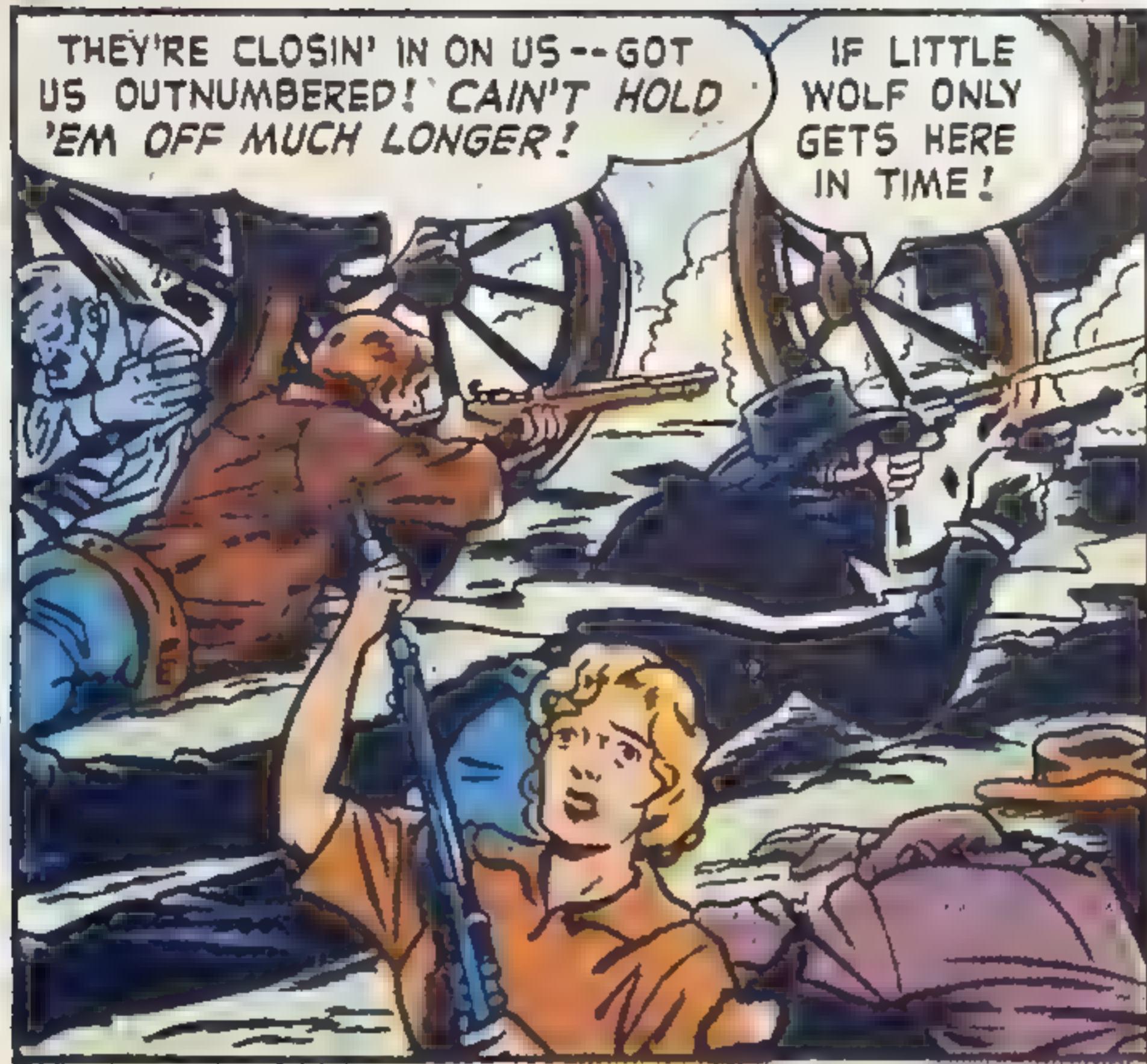
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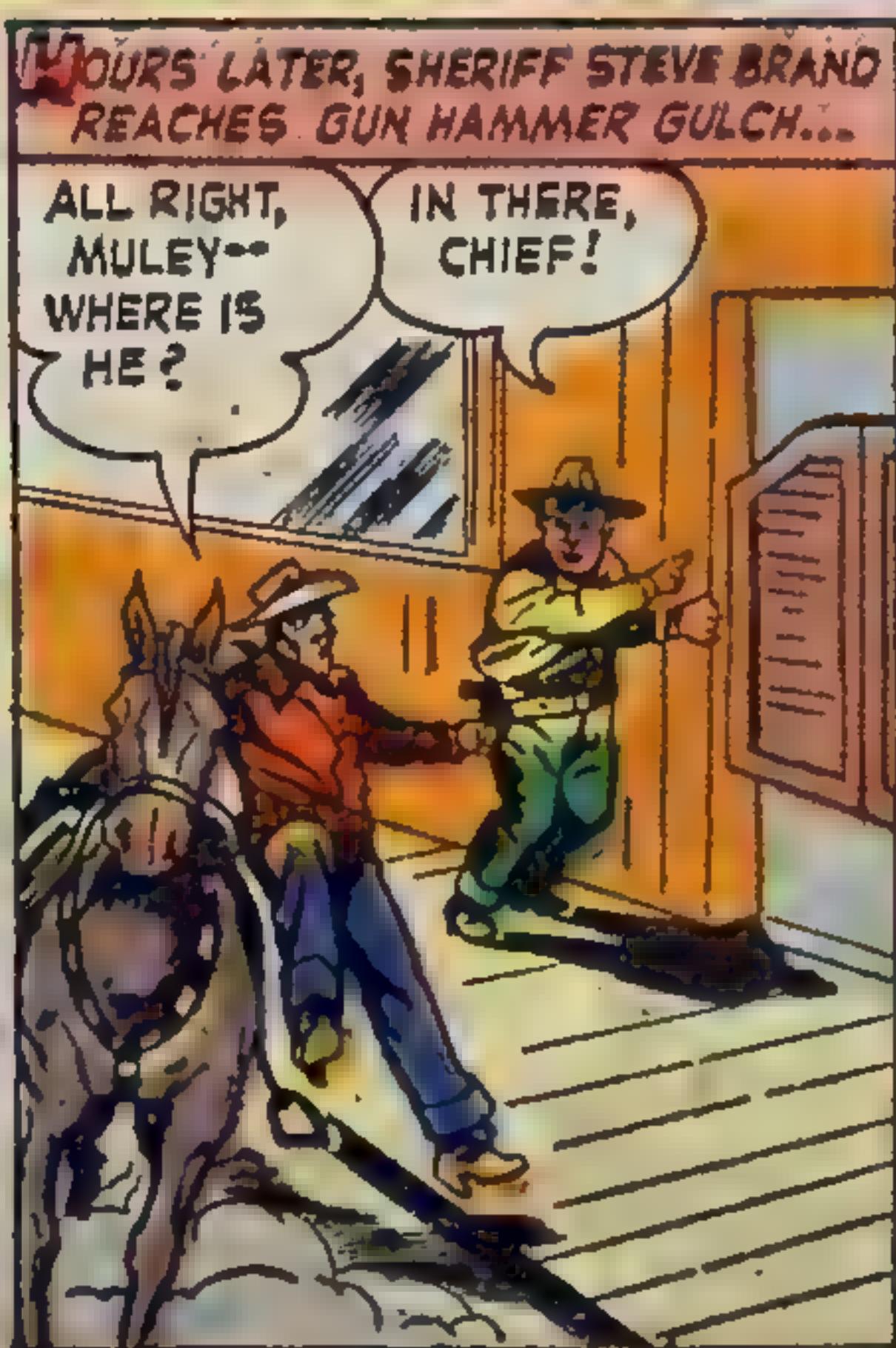
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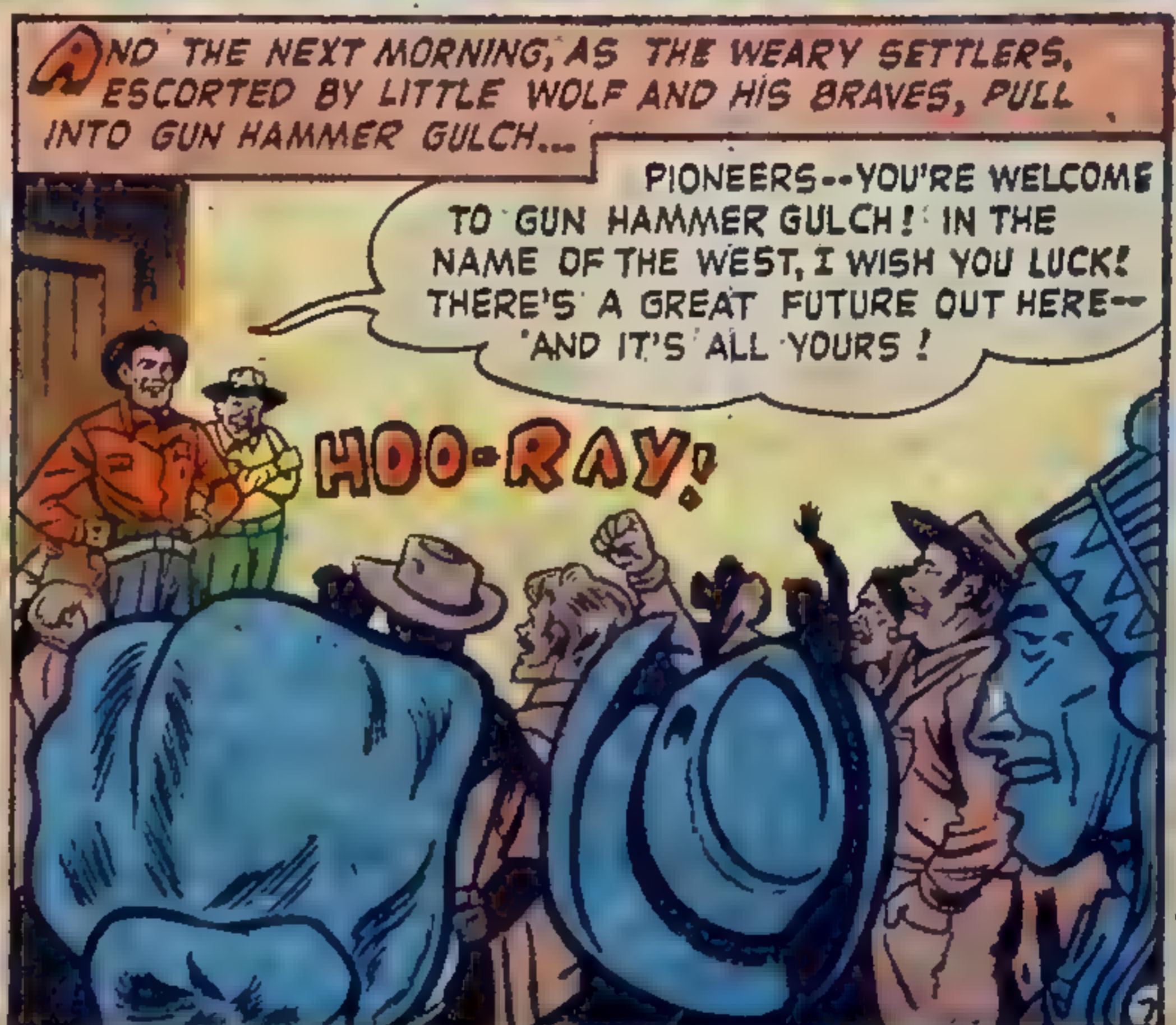
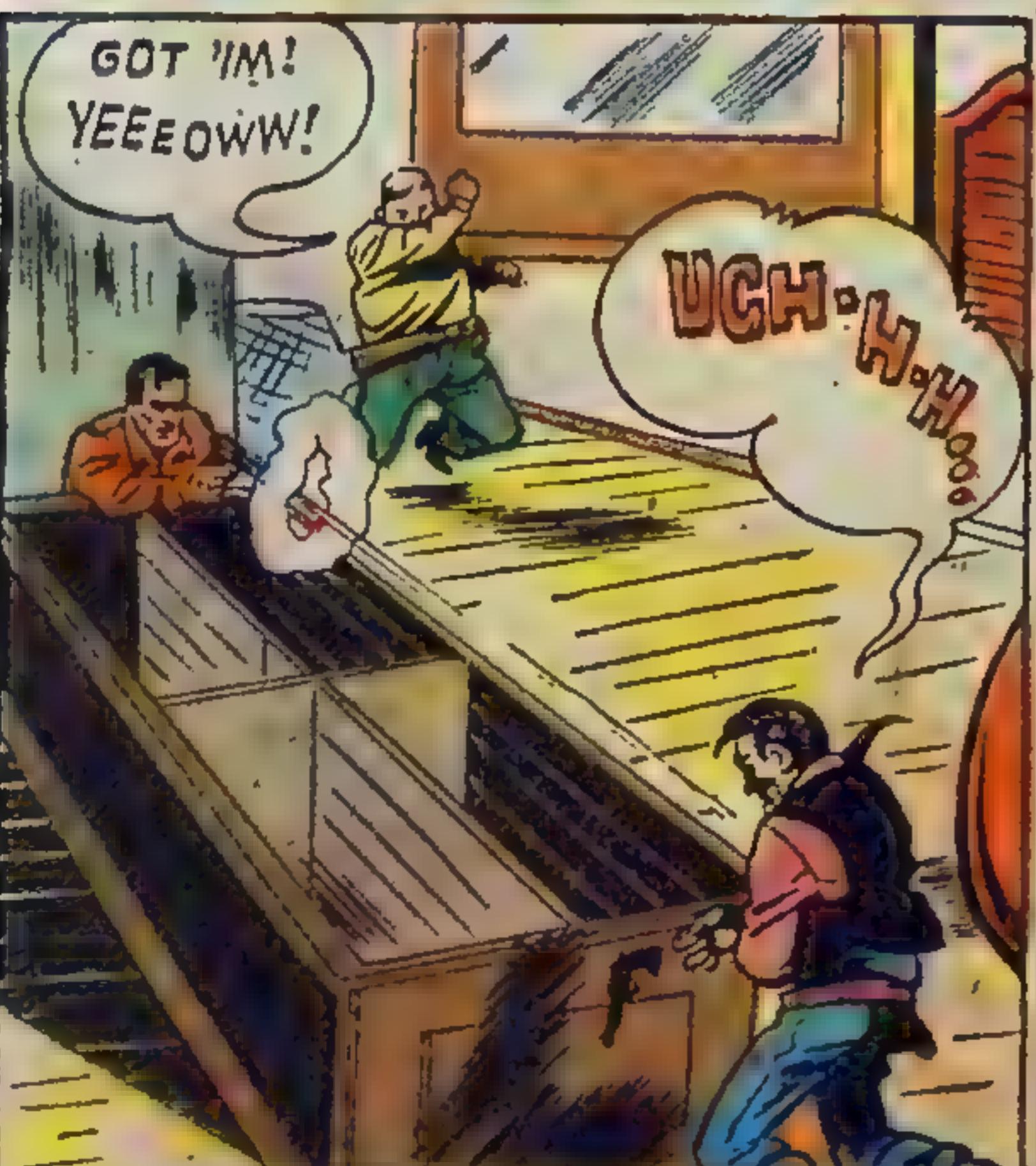
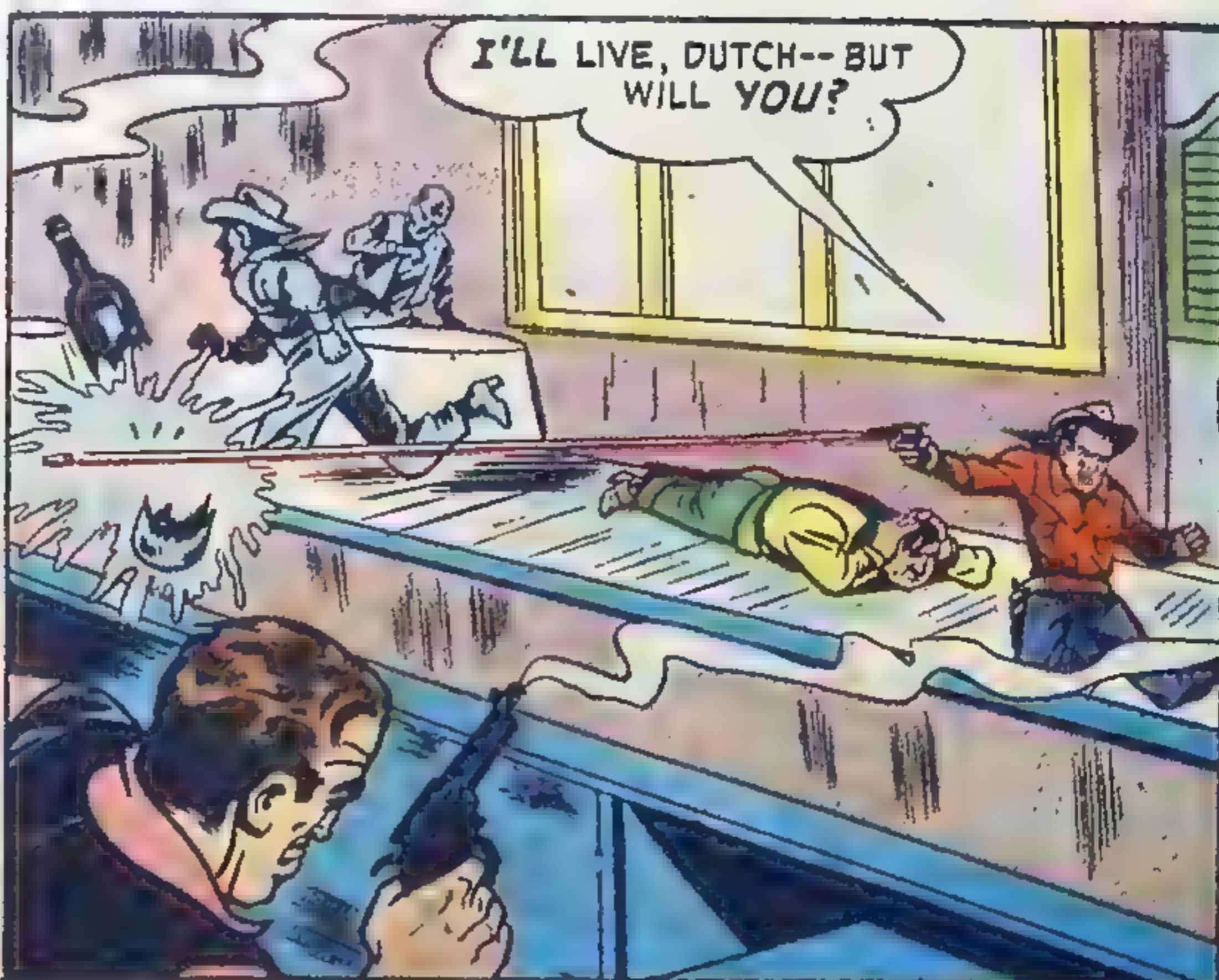
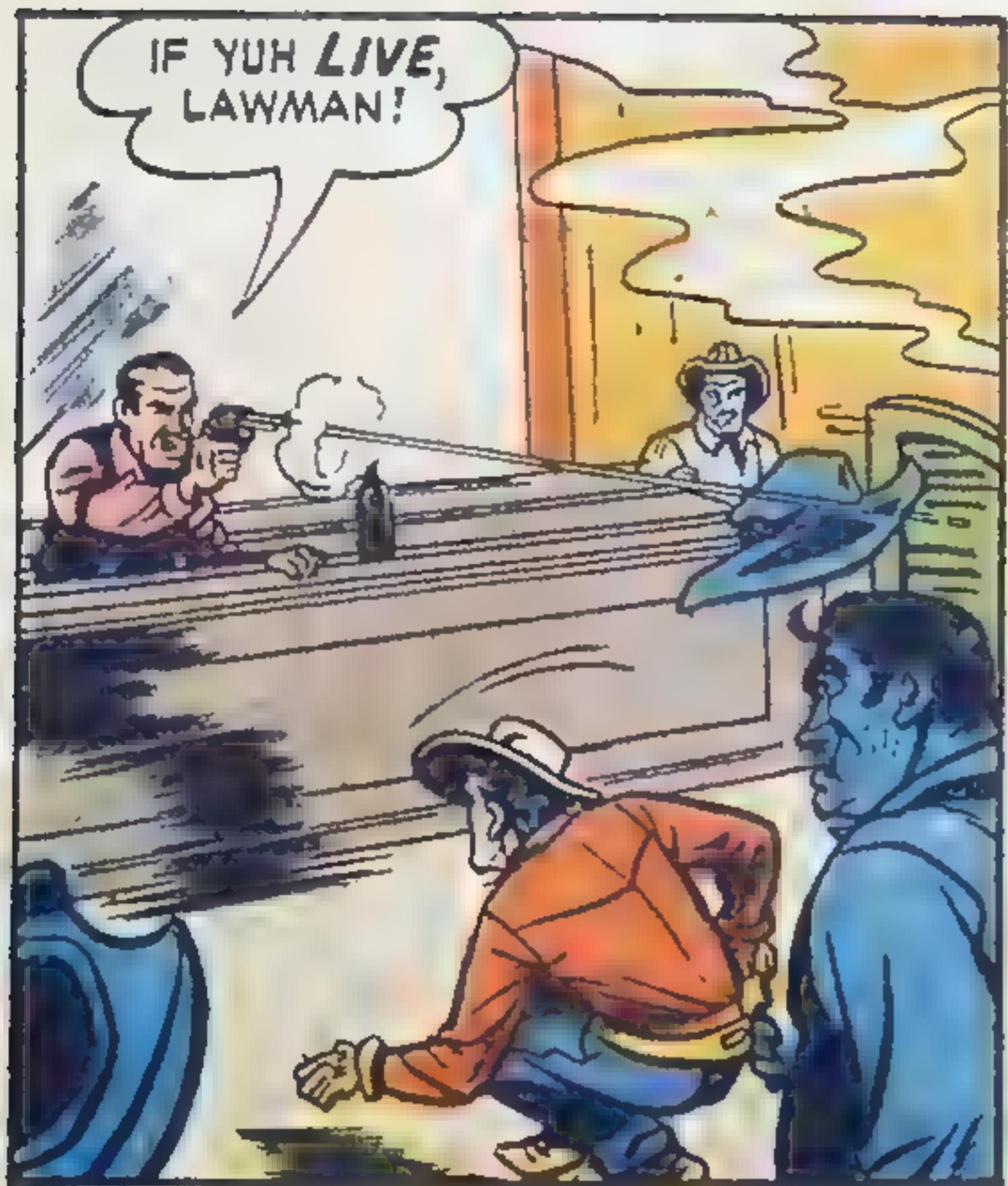
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The

# DURANGO KID

"REBEL GUNS"

BRINGING CIVILIZATION TO THE WILD WEST WERE MEN FROM ALL OVER AMERICA. SOMETIMES, JAGGED TEMPERS FLARED HIGH AS FLAMES AND THE WAR BETWEEN THE NORTH AND SOUTH WAS BATTLED ALL OVER AGAIN TO THE TUNE OF BLAZING SIX GUNS AND THUDDING FISTS. THERE WERE MEN LIKE JUD EVANS, WHO KEPT THESE HATREDS BURNING BECAUSE OF THEIR OWN PRIVATE AND EVIL INTERESTS. BUT THE DURANGO KID KNEW THAT THESE HATES HAD TO BE BURIED DEEP BEFORE THE GREAT WEST COULD BE BUILT--AND HE DOES PLENTY ABOUT IT IN THIS FAST-SHOOTING, HARD-FIGHTING EPISODE OF THE "REBEL GUNS!"

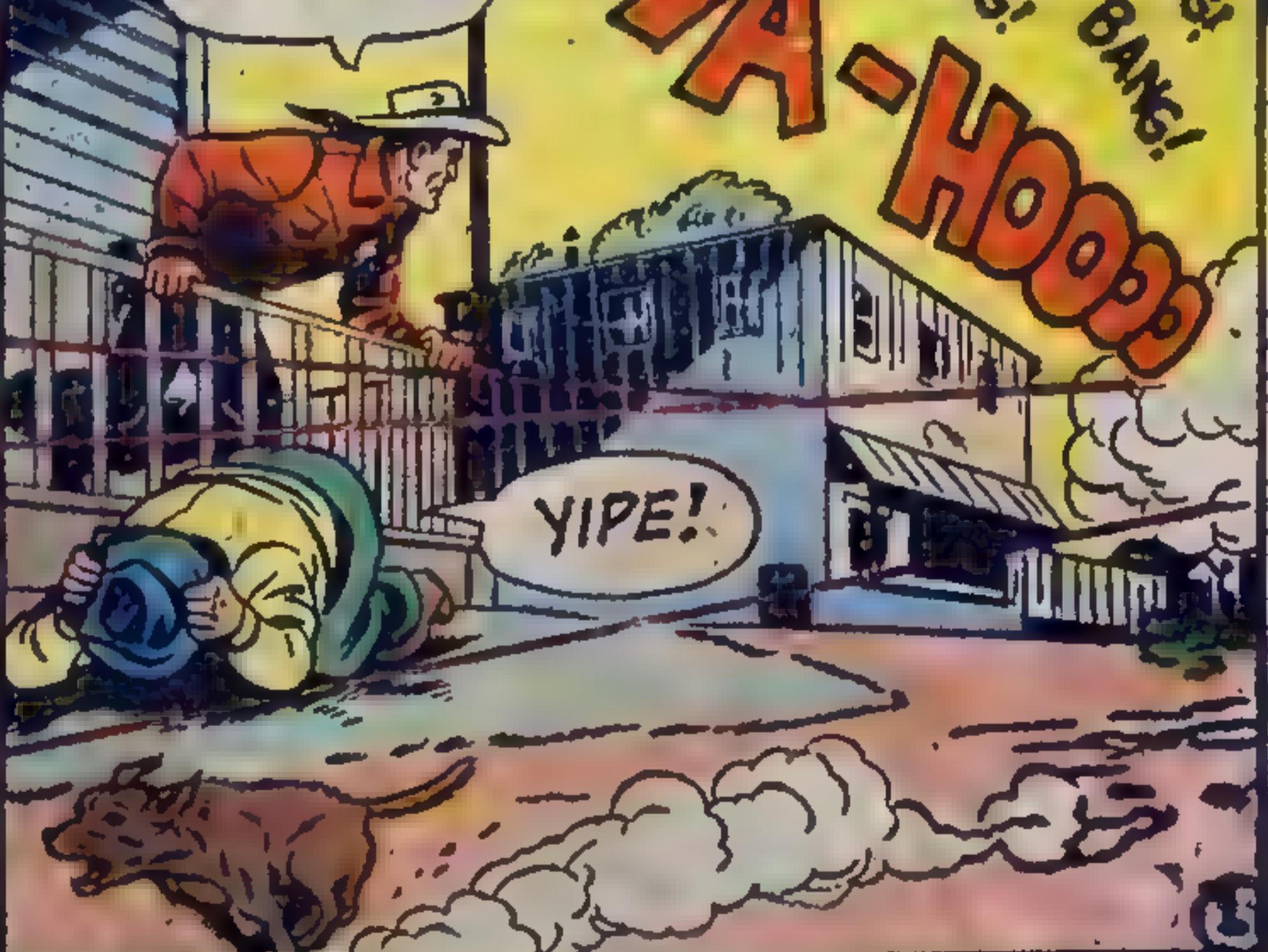


LATE ONE AFTERNOON--ALL QUIET IN GUN HAMMER GULCH...

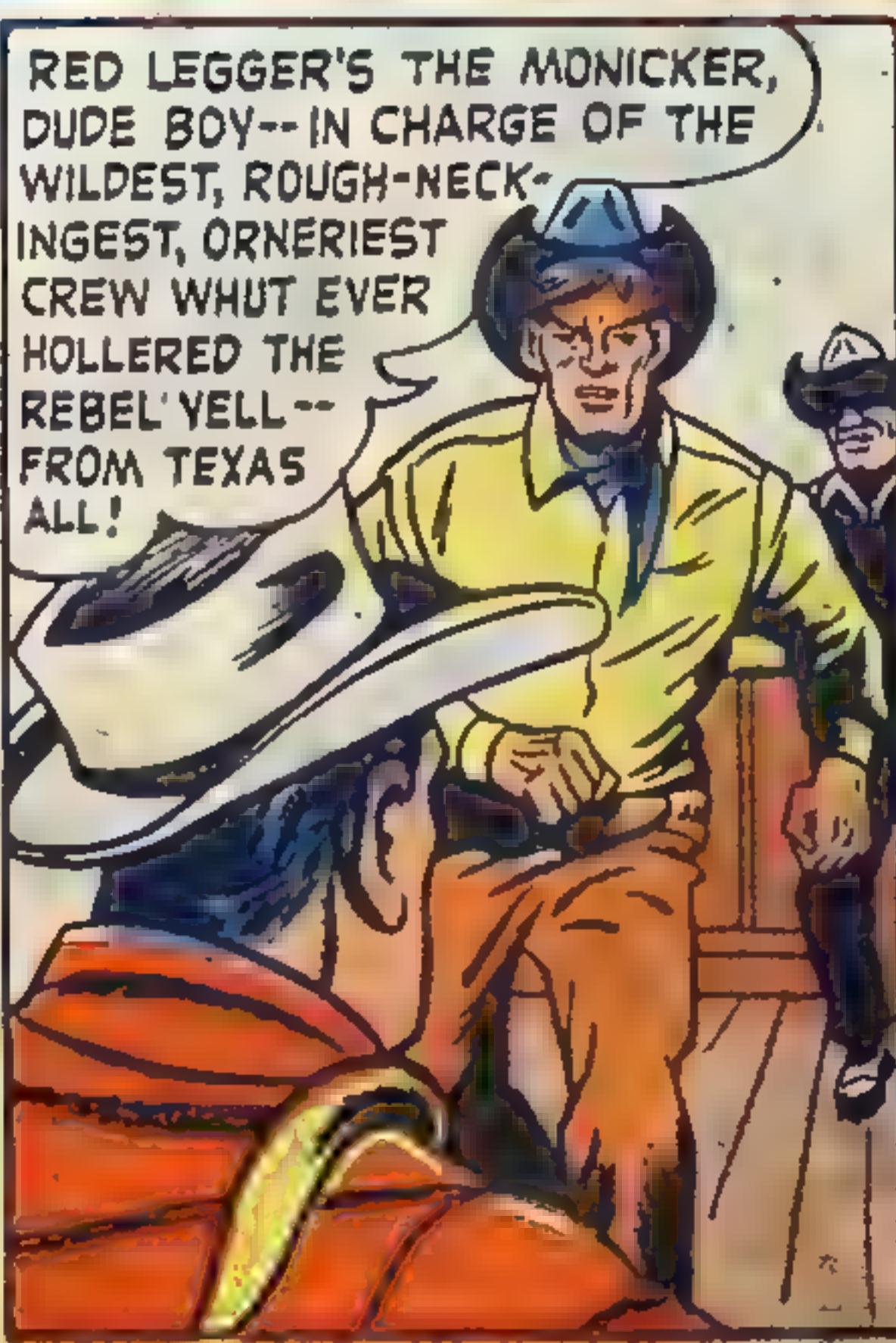
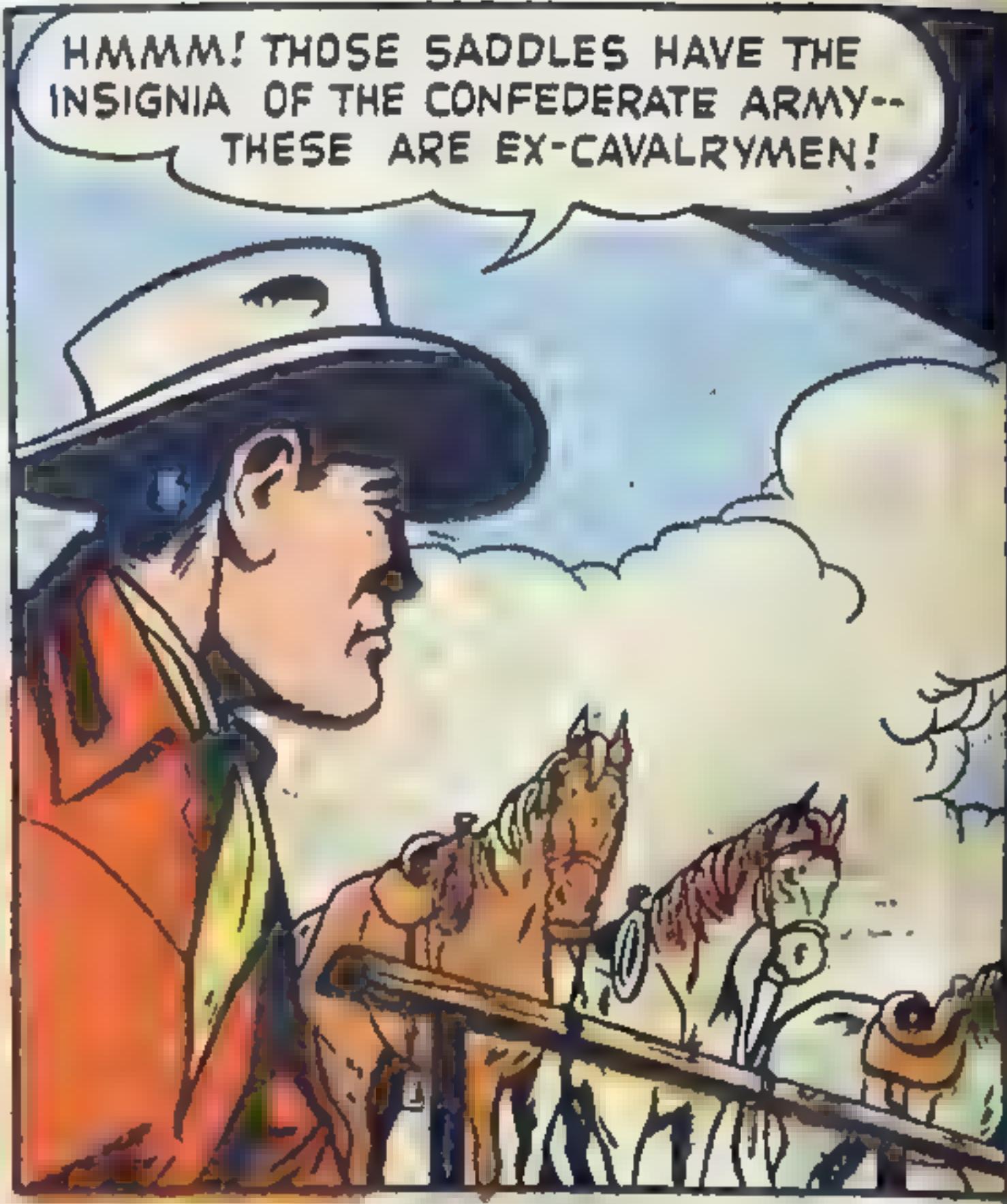
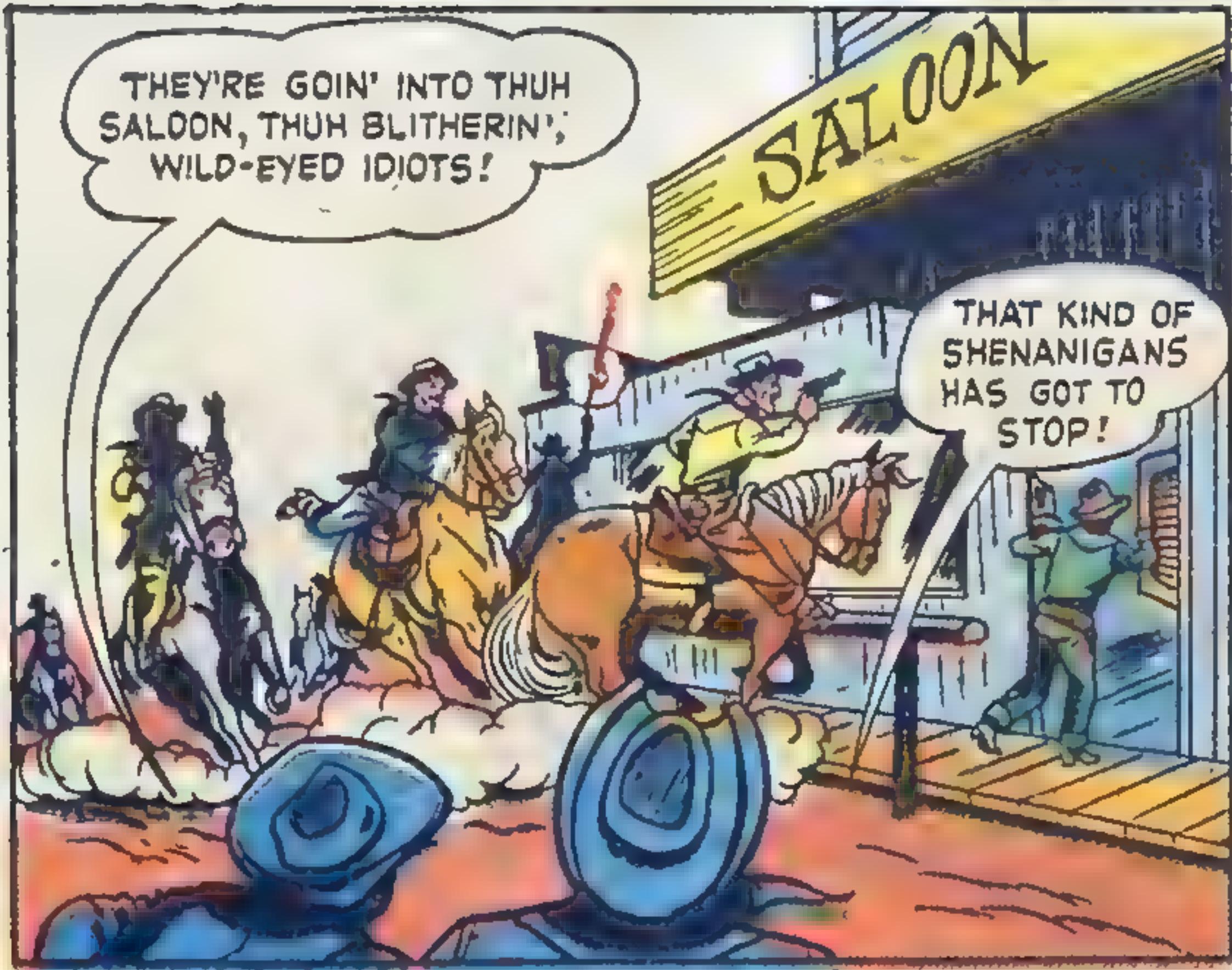
IT'S SHORE PEACEFUL 'ROUND HERE THESE DAYS! MEBBE WE CLEANED UP THE TOWN A MIGHT TOO WELL, STEVE -- AIN'T NO EXCITEMENT ANY MORE. SOON AS THAT NEW RAILROAD COMES INTO TOWN, YUH WON'T BE ABLE TUH TELL GUN HAMMER GULCH FROM ST. LOUIS!

BUT SUDDENLY...

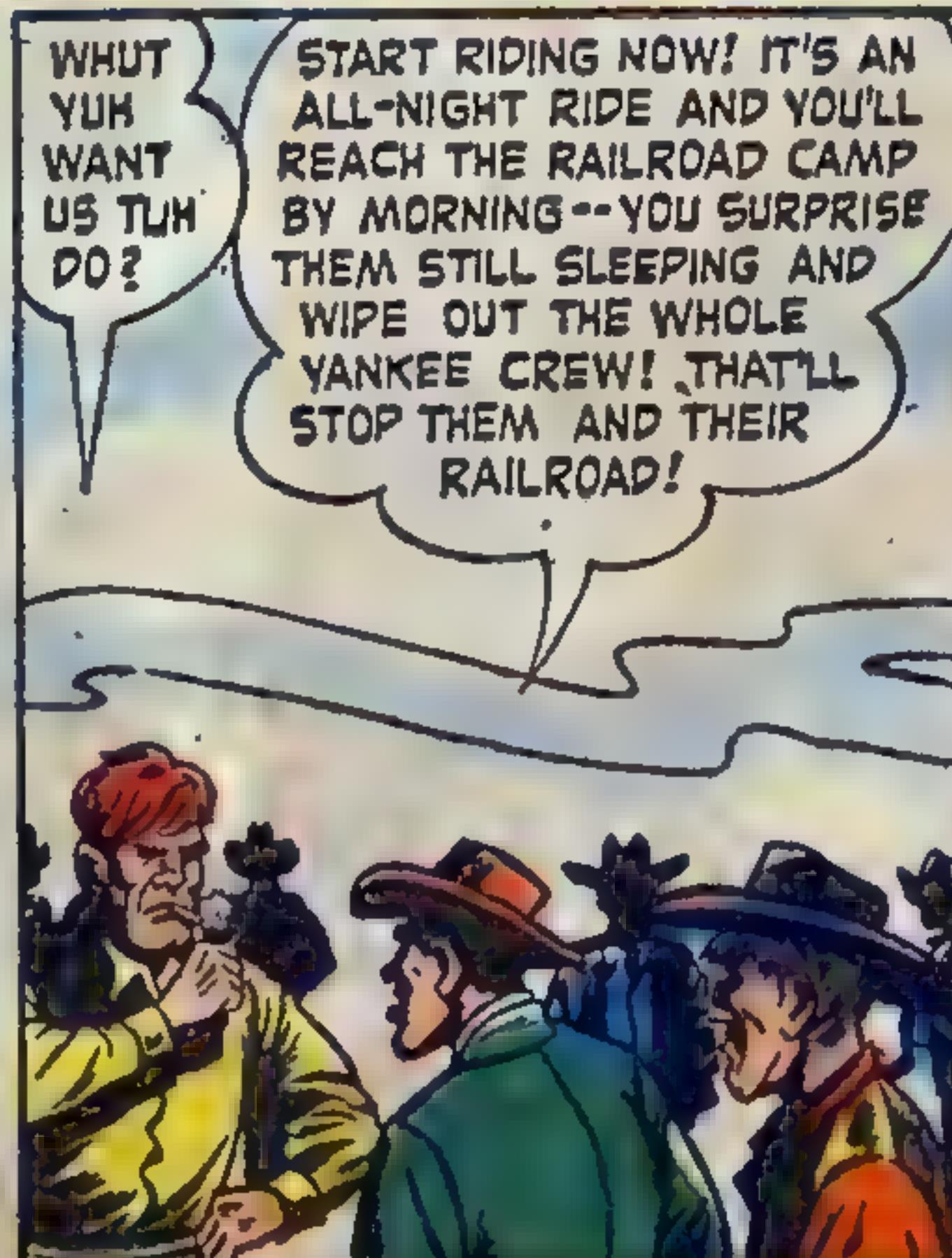
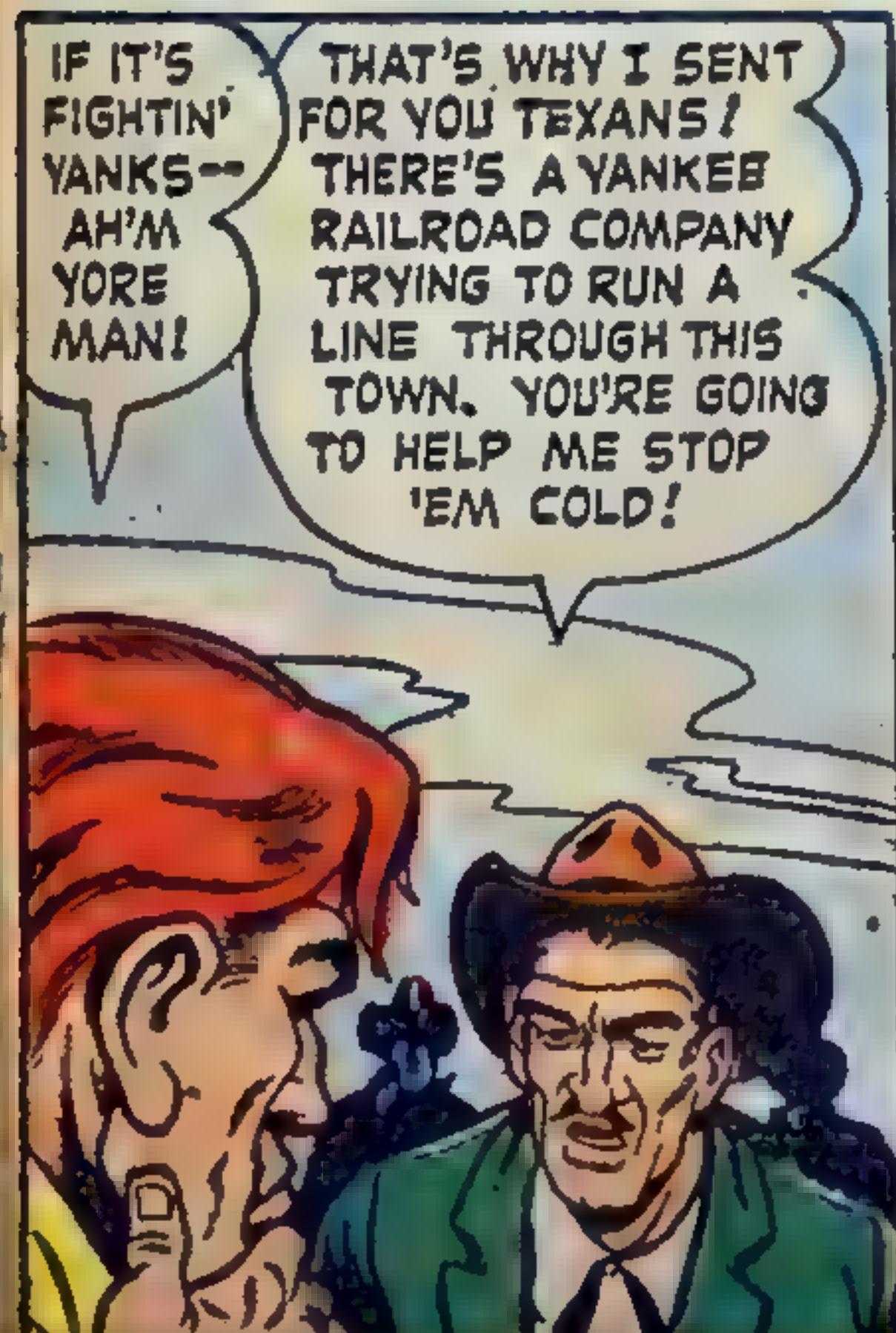
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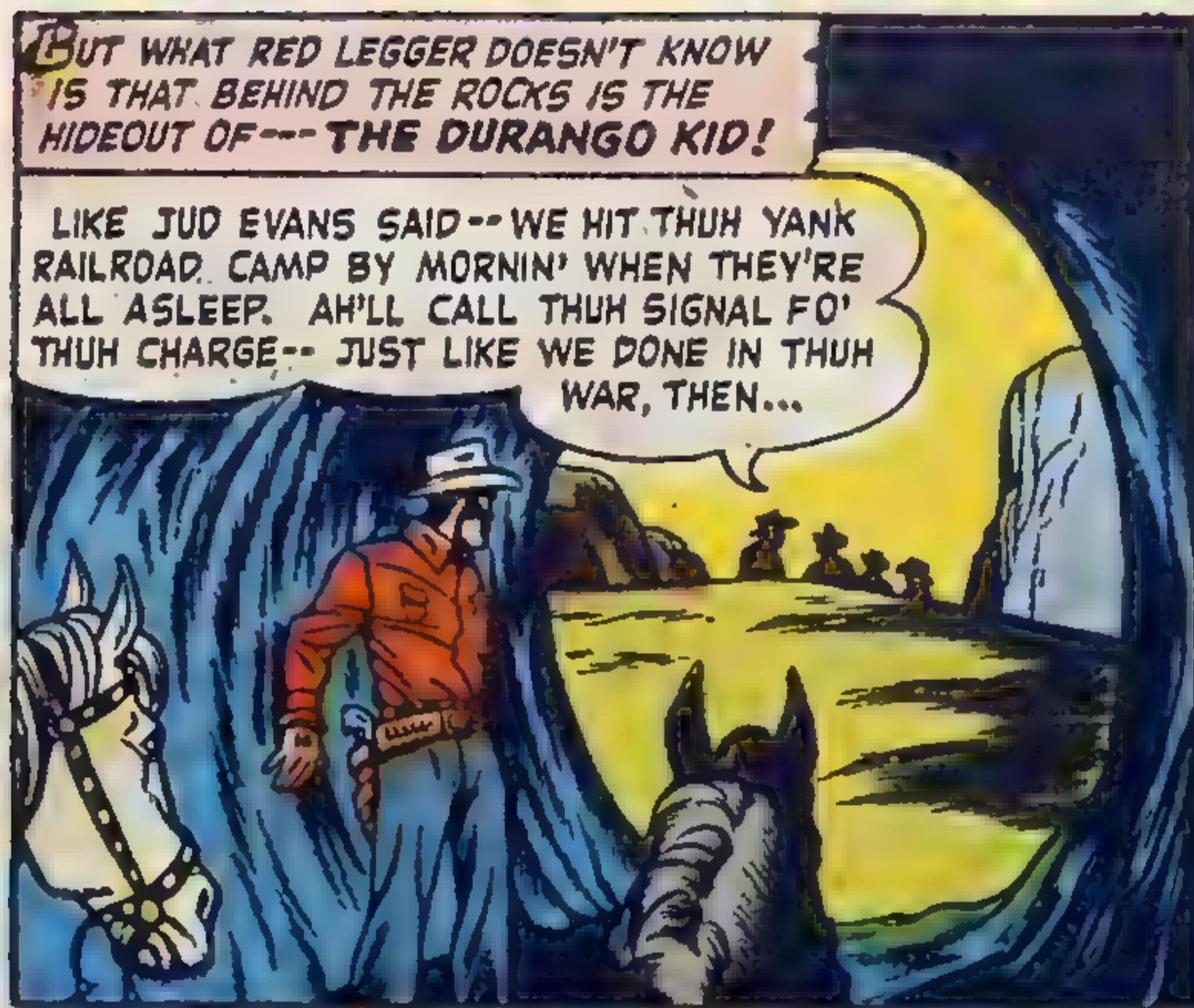
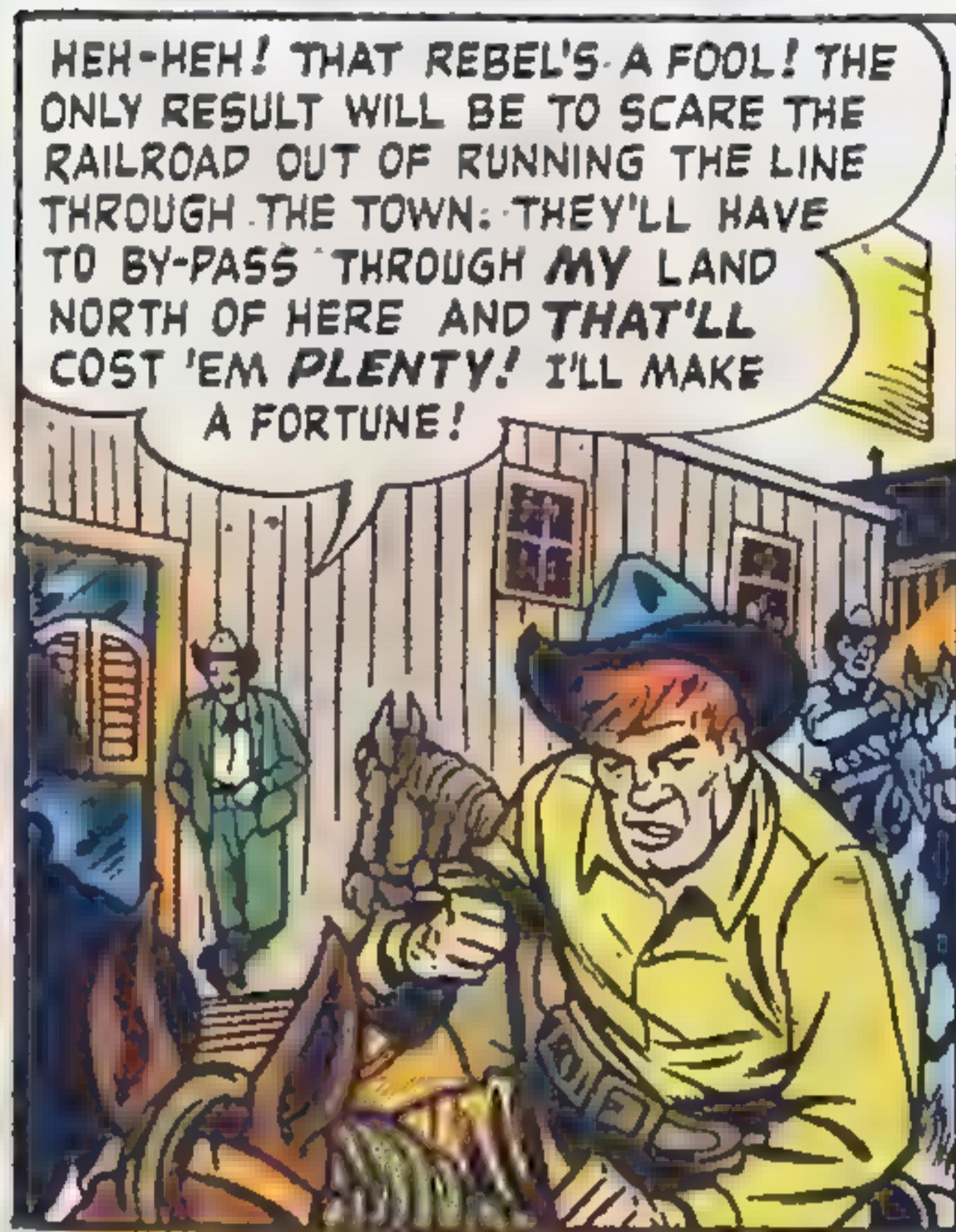
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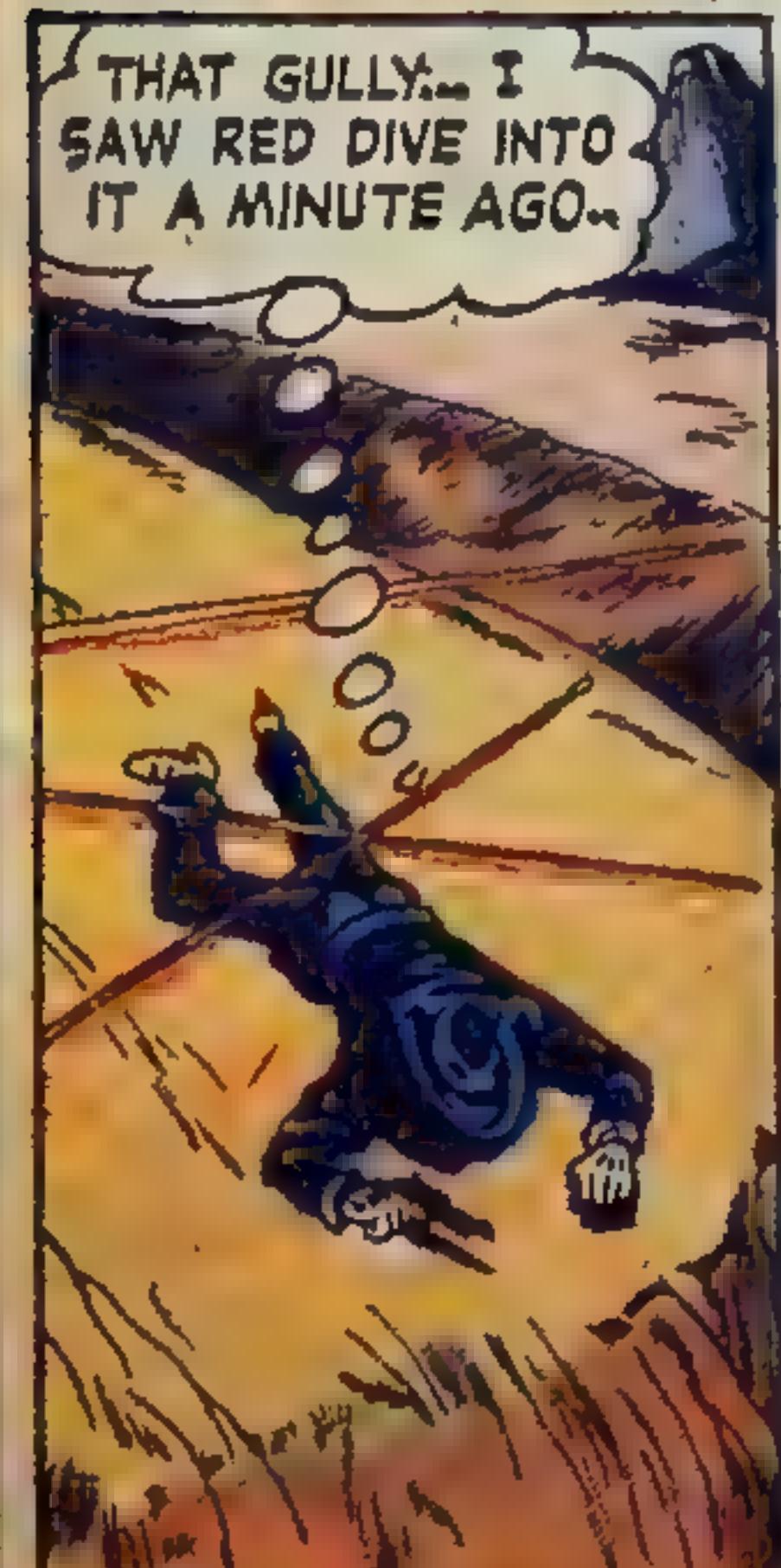
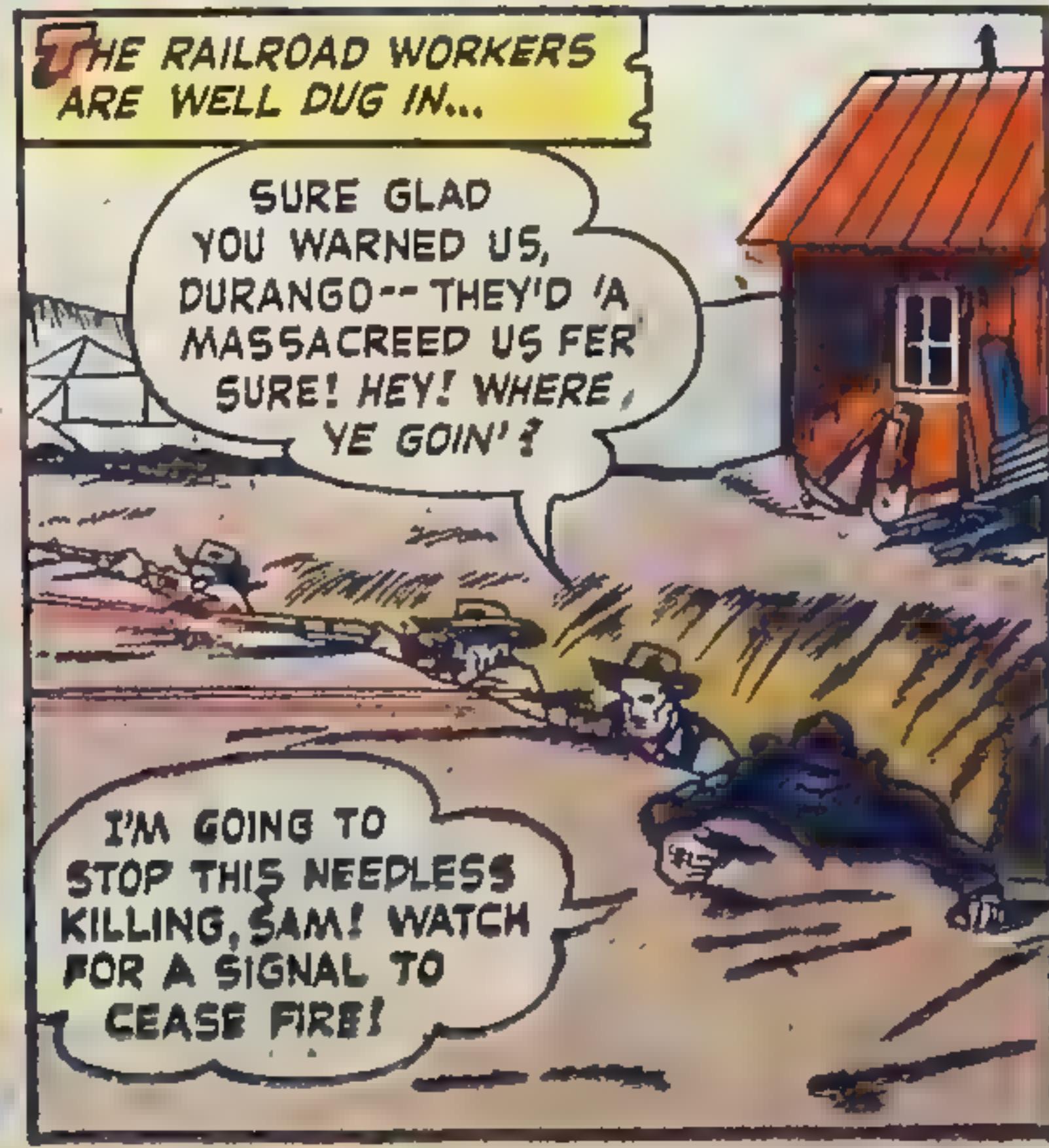
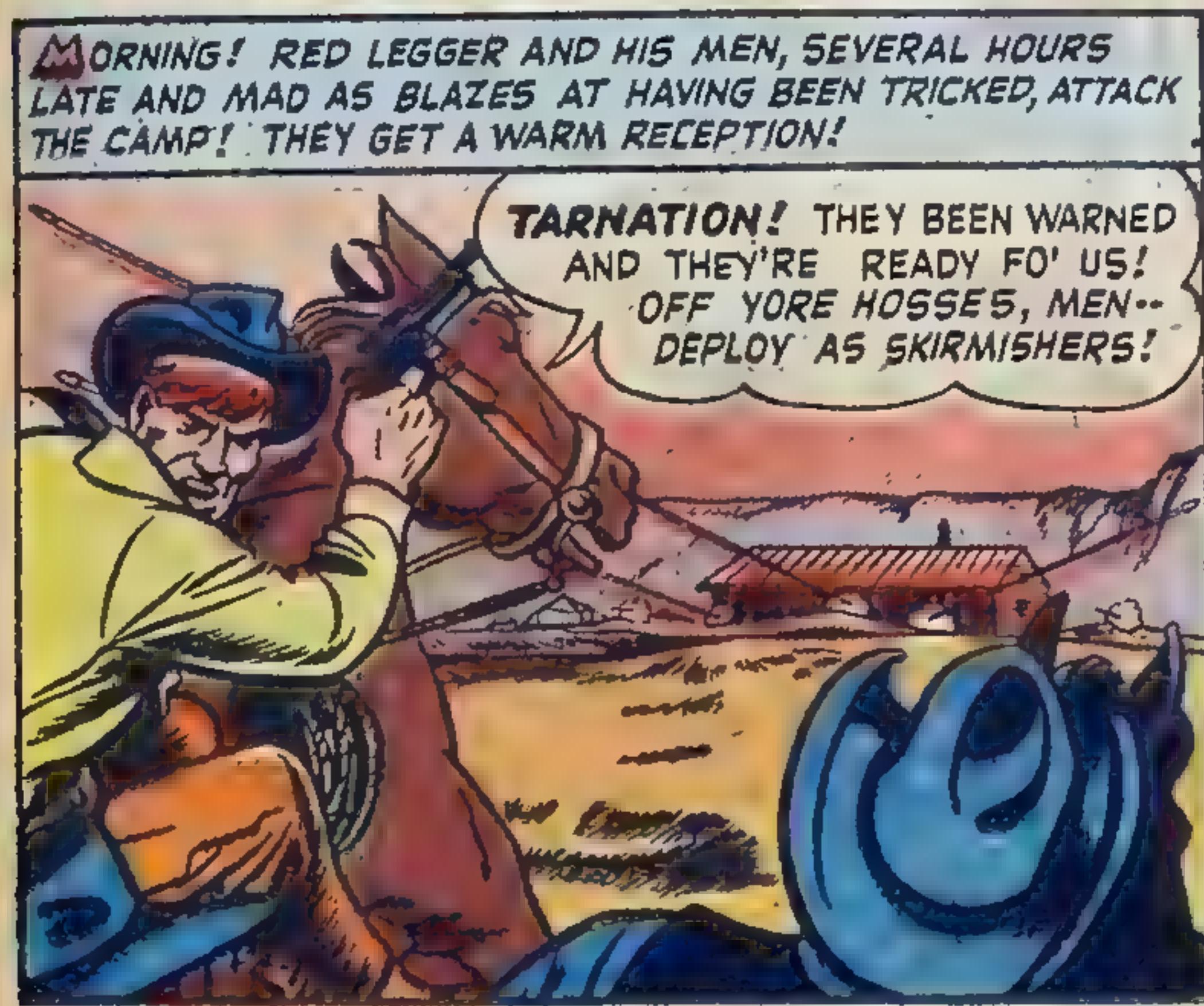
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BUT THE DURANGO KID ROLLS QUICKLY TO DUCK THE SHOT...AND THAT SPLIT SECOND IS ENOUGH FOR A CAREFUL AIM...

...THAT'LL KILL YUH!  
...UGH!

NOT TRICKY ENOUGH, RED!

WHY DIDN'T YUH SHOOT TUH KILL?  
I SAW YUH AIM!

BECAUSE THERE'S BEEN ENOUGH KILLING AROUND HERE, RED! IT'S HIGH TIME SOMEBODY PUMPED SOME SENSE INTO THAT THICK SKULL OF YOURS! THE WAR'S OVER!

...AND IT'S TIME FOR NORTH AND SOUTH TO GET TOGETHER AND BUILD THIS COUNTRY--BUILD IT STRONG AND FREE, BURY ALL HATE. THIS RAILROAD IS GOING TO BRING PROSPERITY TO NORTH AND SOUTH ALIKE!

GUESS AH BEEN A FOOL, YANK--THAT JUD EVANS TALKED ME INTO IT! AH'LL STOP THUH FIGHTIN'!

RED GETS UP TO STOP THE FIGHTING...BUT!

MEN! HOLD YORE FIRE...UGH!

THAT WAS A RIFLE SHOT--AND IT CAME FROM THAT CLIFF!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY DOWN FROM THAT CLIFF!

FEW MINUTES LATER!  
JUD EVANS! I THOUGHT SO! THERE'S GOING TO BE A RECKONING, EVANS!

TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE IN THIS MUZZLE, DURANGO!

I SEE A VERY BAD AIM, EVANS!

# THE DURANGO KID

I OUGHT TO SHOOT YOU,  
EVANS -- BUT THAT WOULDN'T  
BE HALF AS MUCH FUN  
AS THIS!

OOOF!

THERE'S  
MORE  
THAN ONE  
WAY TO  
USE A  
RIFLE,  
DURANGO!

THIS WILL TAKE  
CARE OF -- OH, OH!!  
AIEEEEEE!

JUSTICE JUST SEEMS  
TO TAKE CARE OF  
ITSELF  
SOMETIMES,  
I GUESS!

A FEW DAYS LATER -- THE TOWNSFOLK OF GUN HAMMER GULCH FIND A NOTE TACKED TO THE DOOR OF THE JAILHOUSE....

"TO THE FOLKS OF GUN HAMMER GULCH --  
YOU'VE BEEN VERY NICE AND WE  
SURE ENJOYED BEING SHERIFF FOR YOU.  
BUT I GUESS THE TOWN'S TOO TAME NOW,  
EVEN FOR US --- AND BESIDES, THERE'S  
WORK TO DO FARTHER WEST! MIGHT SUGGEST  
THAT RED LEGGER, NOW THAT HE'S GOT THE  
FOOLISHNESS KNOCKED OUT OF HIM,  
WOULD MAKE A REAL FINE SHERIFF  
SOON AS HE GETS OUT OF THE  
HOSPITAL.

GOOD LUCK AND GOODBYE,  
MULEY PIKE AND

Steve Brand

AND MILES AWAY BY THAT TIME, TRAILING THE  
SETTING SUN...

RIDIN' TRAIL, MOVIN' WEST,  
UNDER THE WIDE, FREE SKY!  
CAN'T SETTLE DOWN - NO TIME TO REST  
GOTTA ROAM ON THE RANGE TILL I DIE!



AND SO -- STEVE BRAND AND HIS SIDEKICK, MULEY, THE RESTLESS URGE OF THE ROAMER IN THEIR BLOOD, TAKE OFF AGAIN ON THE ENDLESS TRAIL WESTWARD -- ON TO FRESH ADVENTURES AND GREATER GLORY! WATCH FOR THE NEXT ISSUE OF THE DURANGO KID FOR THE ACTION-PACKED THRILL-JAMMED PAGES OF THEIR EXPLOITS!

## TRIGGER JUSTICE

EVERY night in Gunhammer Gulch, the owner of the Lost Hope saloon, "Boomer" Jack, big and warped and ugly as a wind-seared oak trunk, drooped behind the bar, sucked on a tooth, gimlet-eyed the population of his establishment and speculated on how he could wring yet another greenback from pockets already lean.

But on this one night, as well as on the preceding six, Boomer was not the only one searching the faces of men. There was another, and his name was Zeke Goss.

Goss, unlike the other saloon citizens, was a youngish man whose neck had not yet turned to crackled leather—and the bitter anger in his eyes was not kin to that in the eyes of the others in the Lost Hope. There was a reason for this difference, the reason being that Zeke had a purpose and the others had none.

On the seventh night, Boomer spoke to Goss. He leaned over the bar and put his chin in his hand. "Yuh expect it tuh be written all over thuh man's face?" he asked.

Goss said nothing. He was busy studying a newcomer, all alone in a corner, scowling over his drink. Goss was trying to see under the broad hat brim.

"Yuh're chasin' wind," Boomer continued. "Give it up, Goss—ain't no use. Thar ain't no evidence. How yuh goin tuh find out jest-standin' here starin'?"

The newcomer lifted his head. Goss's eyes crinkled, seemed to curl in at the edges. Then they softened, wavered, and at last moved on to study someone else. "I'll know," said Goss, "I'll just know thuh varmint when I see him!"

Boomer shrugged, turned, and went toward the other side of the counter, where a brawling, gravel-throated chorus demanded his services.

Shortly afterward, an excited little man entered the room, flapping the batwings noisily. He hurried to a game table and whispered into a friend's ragged ear. He and the friend then turned with a slow laconic amusement and regarded Goss a moment before they sent the word hissing into other waiting ears. Soon, a tide of silence rolled across the room in the wake of whispering and all heads turned to Goss. Boomer, sensitive to the moods of his place, stiffened then and sent inquiring looks across the bar. The little man hurried over to him and they leaned their heads together. A smile folded Boomer's face into unfamiliar creases. He even laughed aloud.

Then Boomer came over to Goss again and leaned across the counter.

"Whut'll yuh do when yuh git him?" he asked.

"Kill 'im!" said Goss.

"Wharever he is?"

"Wharever. Don't keer whar!"

"Even if yuh have tuh fight thuh law?"

Zeke turned. He looked into Boomer's eyes and his tongue moved up and down inside his cheek. But he did not answer otherwise.

"Whut I mean," continued Boomer, "— is thet thuh law might git him an' then let him go scot free fer want uv evidence or sumepin'. Thet new Sheriff, Steve Brand, is a queer one."

Goss shoved his nose just one inch from Boomer's. "Whut yuh tryin' tuh say, Boomer? I swear, if yuh're holdin' out on me —!"

Boomer grinned, then turned suddenly solemn. "I wish yuh luck, Goss. Thuh polecat deserves anything yuh got fer him—shootin' a man in thuh back!"

Goss gripped Boomer's collar with both hand and lifted him a few inches. His face turned a pasty white. He tried to speak but it stuck in his throat. "Boomer —" he finally managed to say, "Boomer —!"

The saloonkeeper wrung himself free and angrily clapped a hand on Goss's wrist. "Goss," he said, "thuh sheriff jist picked up Butch Joris an' put him in jail on suspicion uv killin' yer brother. I happen tuh know Joris wuz playin' a mean hand o' cards with yer brother thet night he got it."

Goss slumped. He looked down at his own hands, watched them curl in upon themselves involuntarily, like talons, and harden into fists. He looked up, met Boomer's mocking eyes a second, then turned and walked out of the saloon.

He walked down the middle of the moonlit street straight for the square of yellow light that marked the window of the sheriff's office. He kept his eyes on that blob of light and he kept his hands stiff, unswinging, pressed against the cool gun butts; all the way.

He clumped up the steps, kicked open the door and stepped inside. Sheriff Steve Brand, sitting alone at the table, looked up.

"I want Butch Joris," Goss said.

Steve Brand leaned back in his chair. "I appreciate your feelings, Goss," he said, "but this is an affair for the law. There isn't going to be any more 'trigger justice' around here."

"I want Joris!"

"No," Brand said softly.

Goss pulled his gun. But somehow, between the time it cleared leather and was aimed, many other things happened at once. Brand, spraddle-legged over his chair, suddenly stood, whipped the chair between his legs and catapulted it at Goss. It hit Goss's gun and the fouled shot snuffed out the kerosene lamp on the table. Simultaneously, Goss felt his legs sail out from

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under as Brand, diving, hit them hard.

Then a digging jolt in his stomach pumped all the air out of him and caused little whirling circles of light to float through the black room. That was all he knew for a while.

When he came to, the lamp was on again and Brand sat in his chair as though he'd never moved, playing with a gun that lay on the table.

"Somehow, sometime," Goss said. "I'm comin' back an' kill that varmint. I'll git thuh polecat muhself an' I won't shoot 'im in thuh back like he done muh brother."

Sheriff Brand leaned over Goss. Intently he said, "Goss, Joris was here playing checkers with me all that night your brother was murdered!"

"That's right, Goss," came Joris' voice hollowly from the cell beyond.

Zeke got up from the floor and took another chair beside the table, trying very hard to ignore the six-gun lying a few inches from his elbow. "Whut kind uv game yuh playin' with me," he asked. "Why'n thunder did yuh jail him?"

Brand got up and paced the floor. "I figured if I made an arrest, the real killer would get careless and give me a clue, because right now there's nothing at all to go on. Joris agreed to let me experiment with him."

Brand stopped in front of Zeke. "Goss," he said, "Muley Pike and I were the ones who found your brother's body just outside of town. We brought it right here. When you heard about it you came thundering in, took one look at your brother's face and then went storming out, yelling for blood. All you saw of your brother was his face, because the rest of him was wrapped in a coat. It was Muley and I who put him in a box and buried him. Nobody helped us, not even you."

Goss looked at his feet.

"All right," said Goss, "I was crazy, crazy fer blood. Couldn't think uv nothin else. Mebbe I shoulda helped."

"That's not it," said Brand. "Listen, Goss—how did you know your brother was shot *in the back*?"

Goss stared.

"Nobody knew that, Goss, except me, Muley—and whoever killed your brother. Now, how did you find out?"

They both heard the rustling sound at the window at the same time. They clattered across the floor, scooping up their guns on the way, and went out the door, shoulder to shoulder. Goss saw a dark figure disappear around a corner and he fired. A drumming of running feet testified that he'd missed. He rounded the corner just a step ahead of Brand and then he stopped. The street lay empty. "Got away," said Brand and looked hard at Goss.

Goss holstered his gun. "Must've been some buttons foolin' around," he said, knowing who it was. He knew who it was with a great joy and a great hatred.

"Are you going to tell me how you know your brother was shot in the back?" asked Brand.

"Nope."

"I'll find out one way or the other," said the sheriff.

"Good luck," Goss said and he started off down the street. He heard the sheriff turn away behind him. Good! This was his party and no one would take it from him. Inside his head he could hear Boomer saying

again, "Thuh polecat deserves anything yuh got fer him—shootin' a man in thuh back!"

Goss stood outside the swinging doors and looked inside the Lost Hope Saloon. Boomer was not there. A helper was tending bar. Goss turned and went down the street toward Boomer's shack.

He flattened with the shadows, listened carefully at each corner. He circled Boomer's house, which was dark. A clump of trees to one side afforded cover and yet gave visibility to both doors of the house. Behind the trees was a warehouse. He crawled along a shadowed ditch an inch at a time. When he got to the trees, he leaned against one of them, breathing hard, cradling his gun, watching Boomer's house. Sometime Boomer would go into that house—or come out.

*Then I'll git him, he thought—I'll git him even ef I have tuh shoot him in thuh back like he done muh brother!*

*The back!* Goss thought again and it was at this point that the goose-pimples prickled up his own back and it seemed that two hot dots burned into his spine. He tried to turn fast, but even while he turned he knew what was going to happen. Even before he could lift his six-shooter, the gunblast from the warehouse blinded him and the searing .45 slug crashed into him like the kick of a mule.

He tried to squirm around in order to bring his other hand to bear, but he couldn't move. Something was wrong with his side, which seemed to be melting away in heat. Then, through a gap in the trees, he saw Boomer hunkering for him. He tried to move again, but couldn't.

He saw Boomer stop, very close. He heard Boomer laugh. He saw Boomer lift the gun. The moonlight gleamed along the edge of the muzzle mouth and the black hole seemed very large.

And then a great weariness swept over him and he was almost glad it was all going to be over. He closed his eyes.

The gunblast shattered his ears and left them numbly ringing. There was a weight on his feet and he thought this weight was death, that it would move up slowly. With a great relief and thankfulness he thought, *so it's like this—not so bad!*

Then he heard the crashing in the bushes and in surprise he opened his eyes, amazed that he could do that. The first thing he saw was Boomer, lying dead across his feet. Then he saw Steve Brand, a thin whisper of smoke lazing out of his gun barrel, standing there.

Brand grinned, "Sorry I had to use you as bait this way, Goss. I was almost too late!"

Goss closed his eyes again tightly against the pain. Brand's fingers probed his shoulder. "It's all right," he heard Brand say, "your shoulder's busted up a bit, but it can be mended. What do you say, Goss—disappointed that I got him instead of you?"

Goss opened his eyes. He looked up into Brand's face, saw the iron-grey crinkling eyes that were merry and friendly and yet could harden suddenly to smokey steel. He liked what he saw. And he laughed then. He didn't know why, but he laughed—and it was the first time in a long, long while that he had laughed.

"Naw," Goss said, "I ain't disappointed. Thuh law's bullet is as good as mine, I reckon—mebbe a whole lot better . . ."

THE END

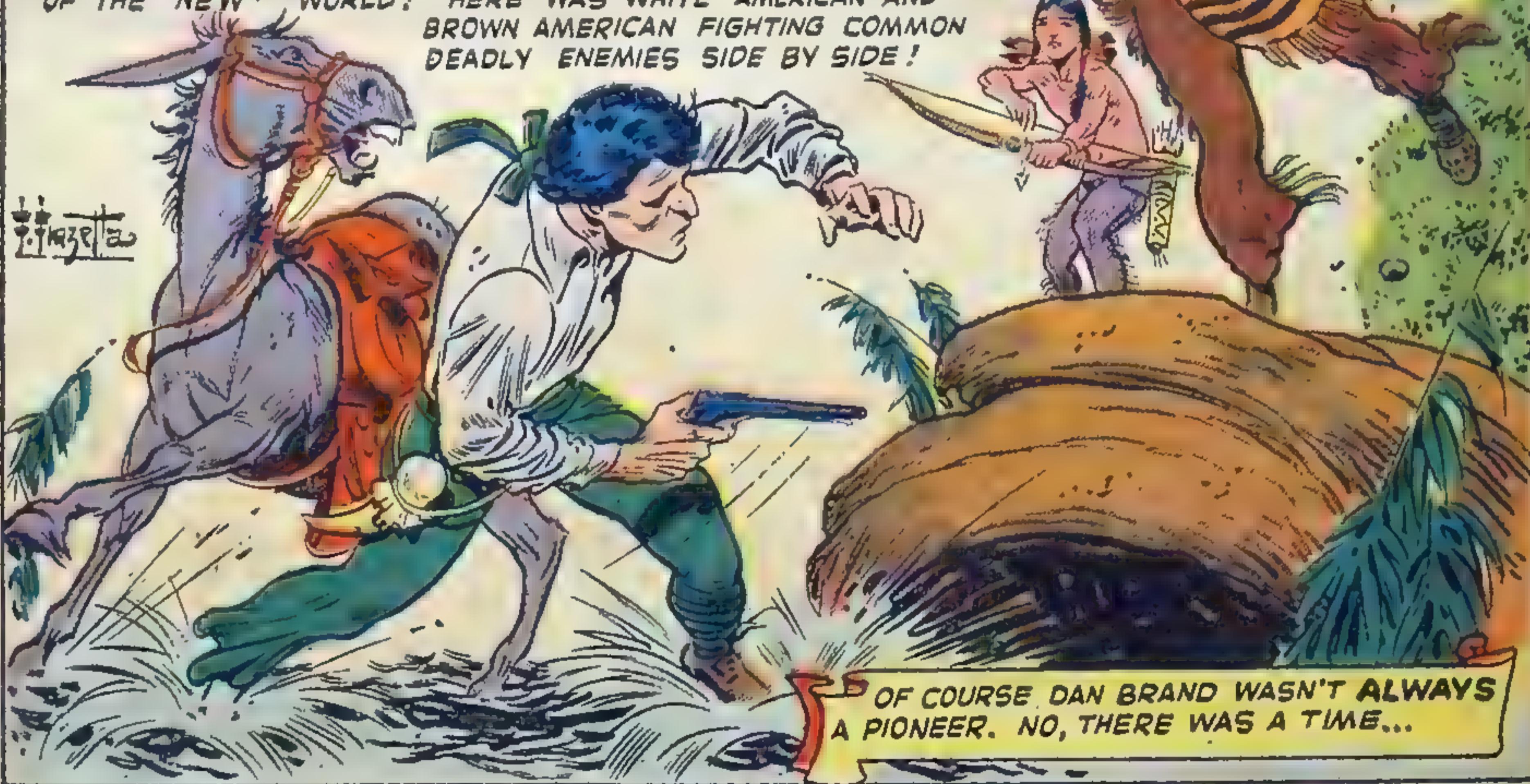
THE DURANGO KID

# Dan Brand-Tipi

WAY BACK, WHEN OUR COUNTRY WAS YOUNG, THE WEST WAS STILL EAST OF THE MISSISSIPPI AND THE TRULY GREAT AMERICANS WERE THE INTREPID PIONEERS OF THE BACKWOODS OF NEW YORK, PENNSYLVANIA AND OHIO— WHERE THE WOODS WERE THICK AND SOWN WITH SUDDEN DEATH... OF THE BACKWOODSMEN WAS DAN BRAND — STEVE BRAND — AND HIS LITTLE INDIAN FRIEND, TIPI, WHO BLAZED NEW TRAILS OF ADVENTURE FOR OTHERS TO FOLLOW, PUSHING CIVILIZATION AND JUSTICE ACROSS THE CONTINENT OF THE "NEW" WORLD! HERE WAS WHITE AMERICAN AND BROWN AMERICAN FIGHTING COMMON DEADLY ENEMIES SIDE BY SIDE!

THE GREATEST ANCESTOR OF

OF COURSE DAN BRAND WASN'T ALWAYS A PIONEER. NO, THERE WAS A TIME...



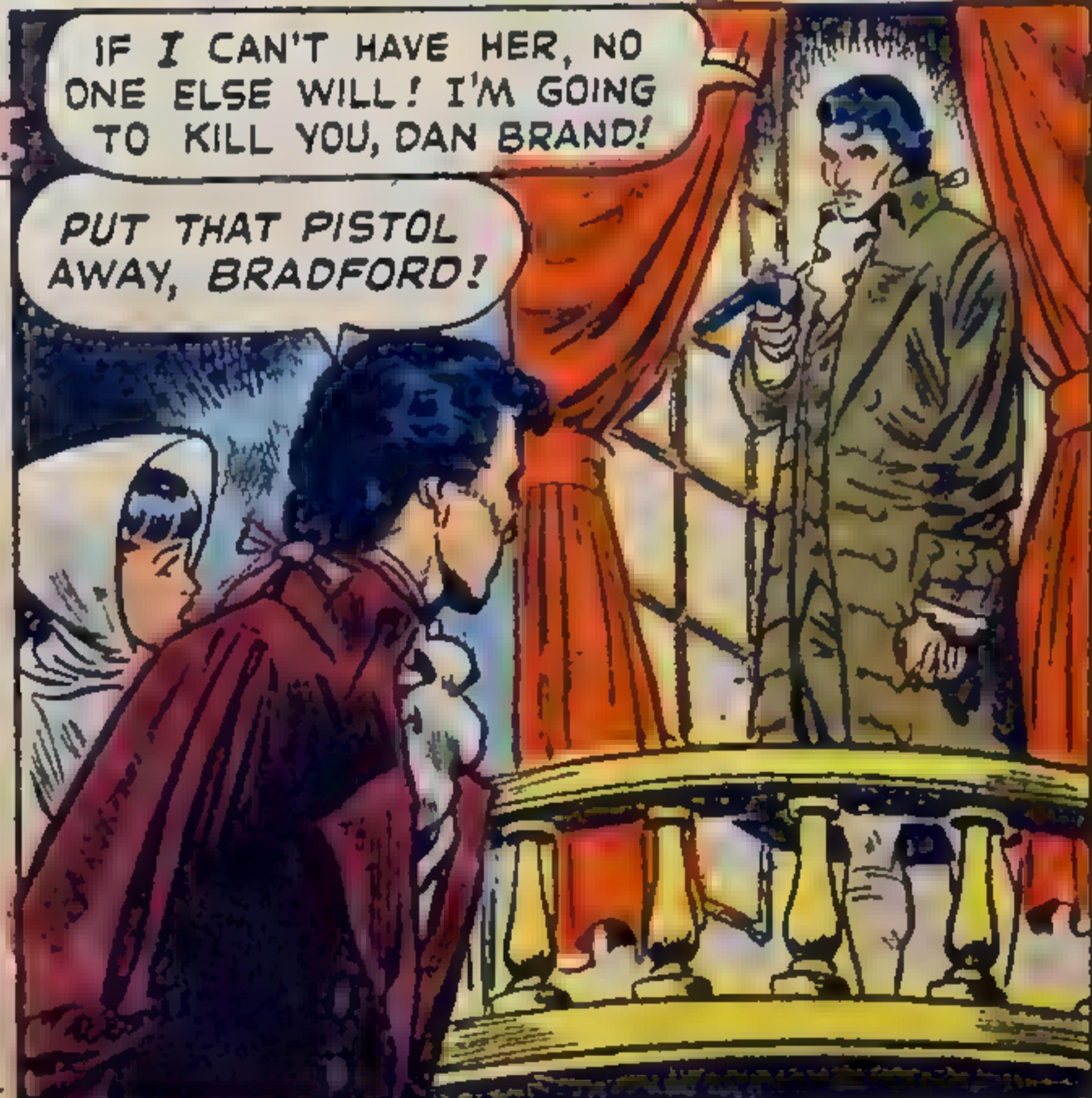
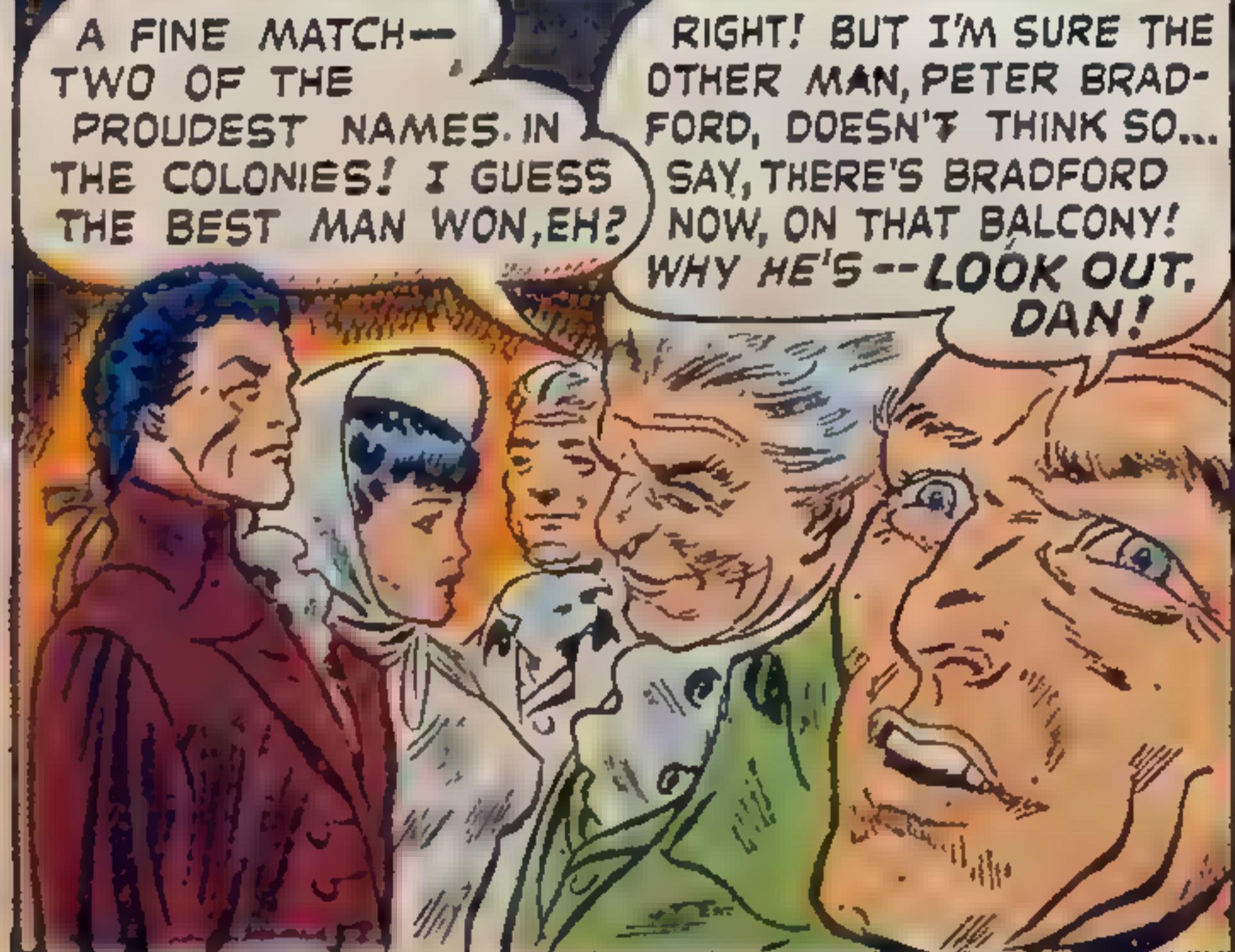
...IN 1770! ALL PHILADELPHIA SOCIETY TURNS OUT FOR THE WEDDING OF WEALTHY YOUNG DAN BRAND AND HIS SWEETHEART, LUCY WHARTON...

A FINE MATCH— TWO OF THE PROUDEST NAMES IN THE COLONIES! I GUESS THE BEST MAN WON, EH?

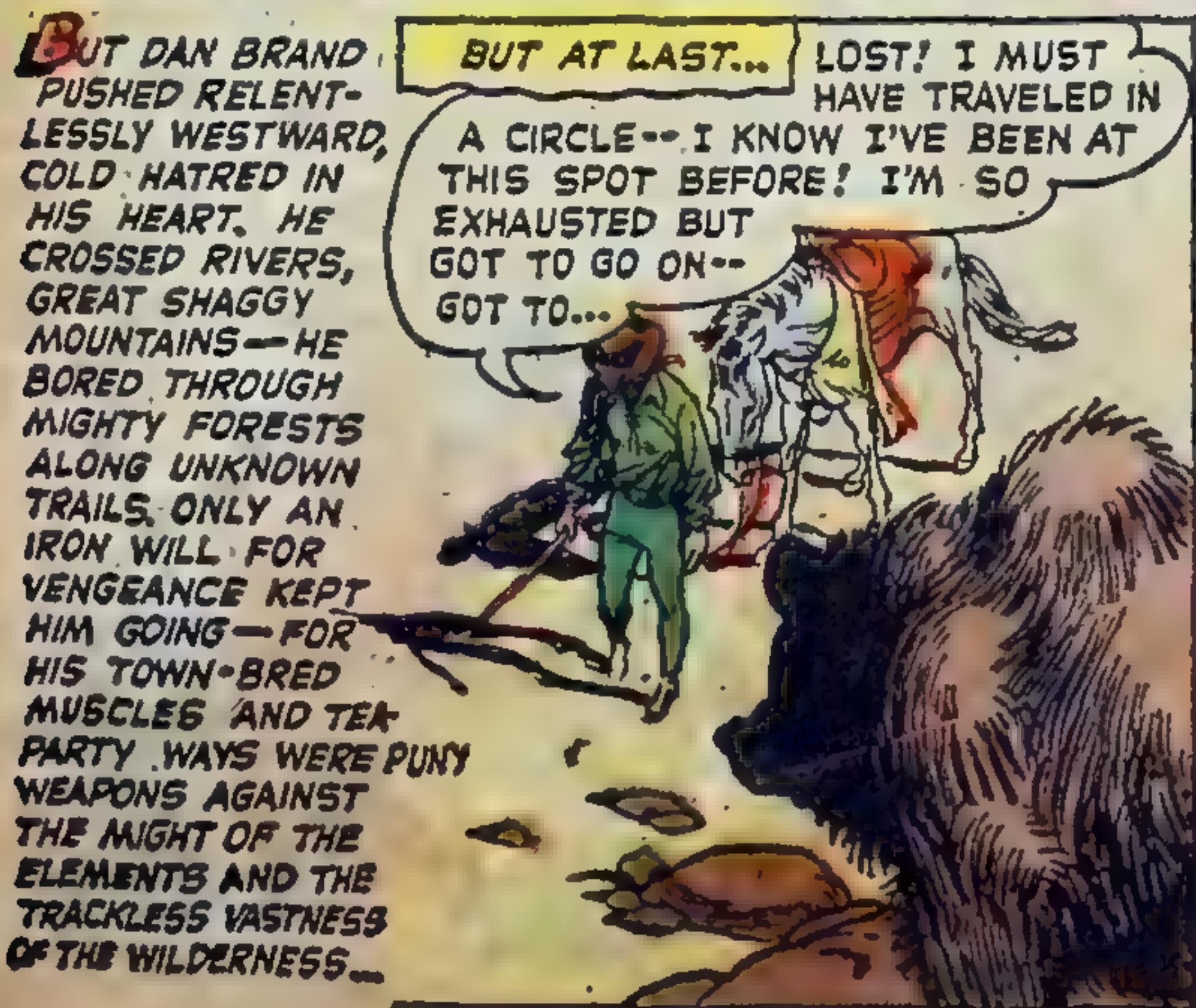
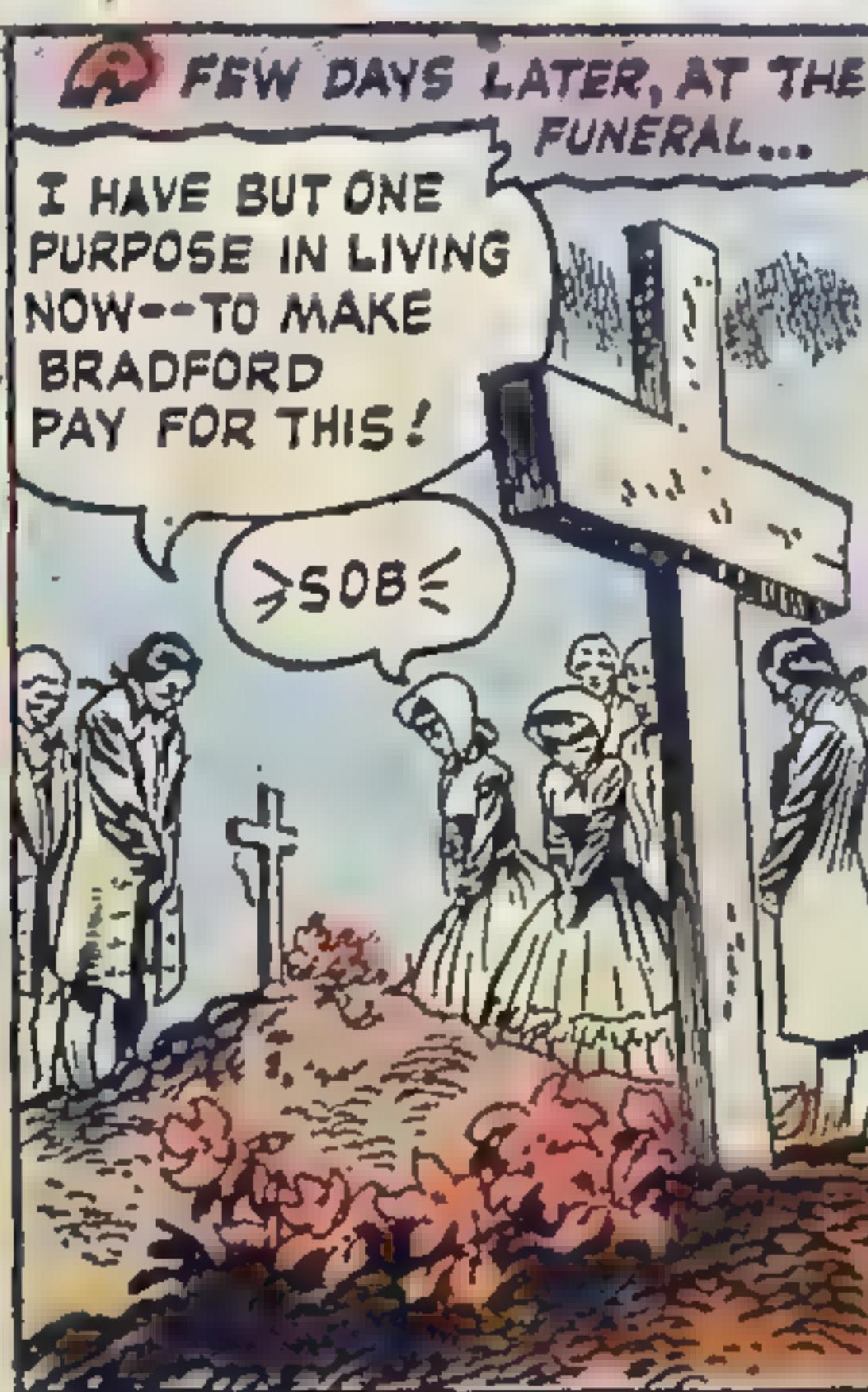
RIGHT! BUT I'M SURE THE OTHER MAN, PETER BRADFORD, DOESN'T THINK SO... SAY, THERE'S BRADFORD NOW, ON THAT BALCONY! WHY HE'S -- LOOK OUT, DAN!

IF I CAN'T HAVE HER, NO ONE ELSE WILL! I'M GOING TO KILL YOU, DAN BRAND!

PUT THAT PISTOL AWAY, BRADFORD!



# THE DURANGO KID



# THE DURANGO KID

THUNDER! I MUST HAVE WET MY POWDER IN THAT LAST STREAM! IF I CAN GET TO MY KNIFE IN TIME...

CLICK!

DAN DUCKS THE ONSLAUGHT OF THE ENRAGED BEAST OF THE FOREST, BUT A SLASHING BLOW FROM THE SLEDGEHAMMER PAW...

AGH!

RRRAGH-R-R-R!

MY ARM—IT'S BROKEN—USELESS! THIS IS THE FINISH, DAN BRAND... GO OUT FIGHTING...

KILLED HIM! BUT WHAT'S THE USE? EXHAUSTED... LOSING BLOOD... SLEEPY... I-I THINK I'M PASSING OUT...

THE PRIMEVAL WILDERNESS, BROODING BLINDLY OVER LIFE AND DEATH AND VIOLENCE, CLAIMS ITS OWN! OMINOUS SILENCE GRIPS THE FOREST ONCE AGAIN AND DARKNESS DRAWS A VEIL OVER DAN BRAND, PLUNGING HIM INTO A HALF-SLEEP, HALF-DEATH. MINUTES, HOURS, DAYS—THEY'RE ALL THE SAME IN THAT BLACK, BLIND PIT FROM WHICH SO FEW

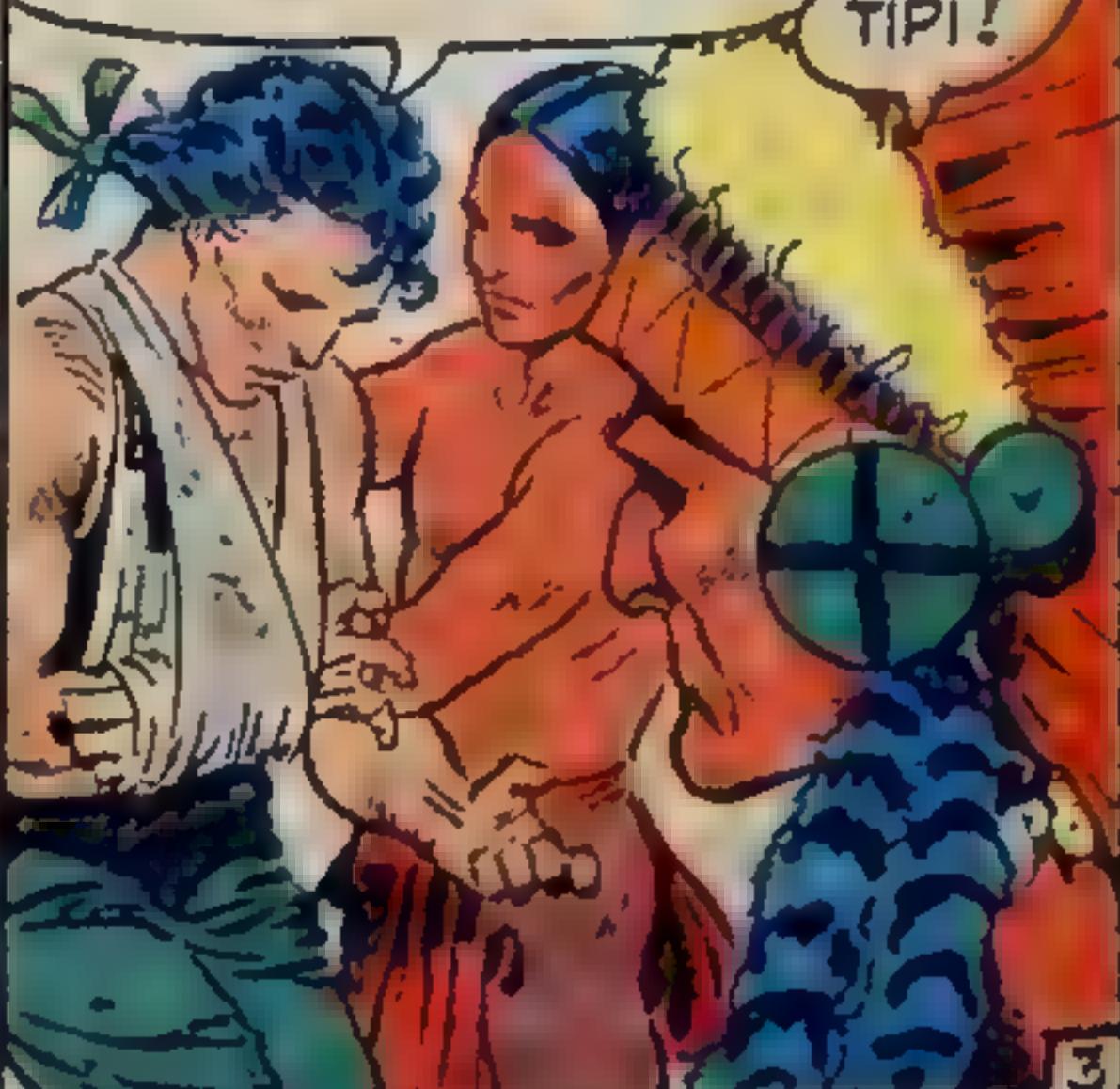
RETURN...

UNTIL  
WHAT—  
WHERE—  
WHERE AM I?  
HOW DID  
I GET  
HERE?  
WHO  
ARE YOU?

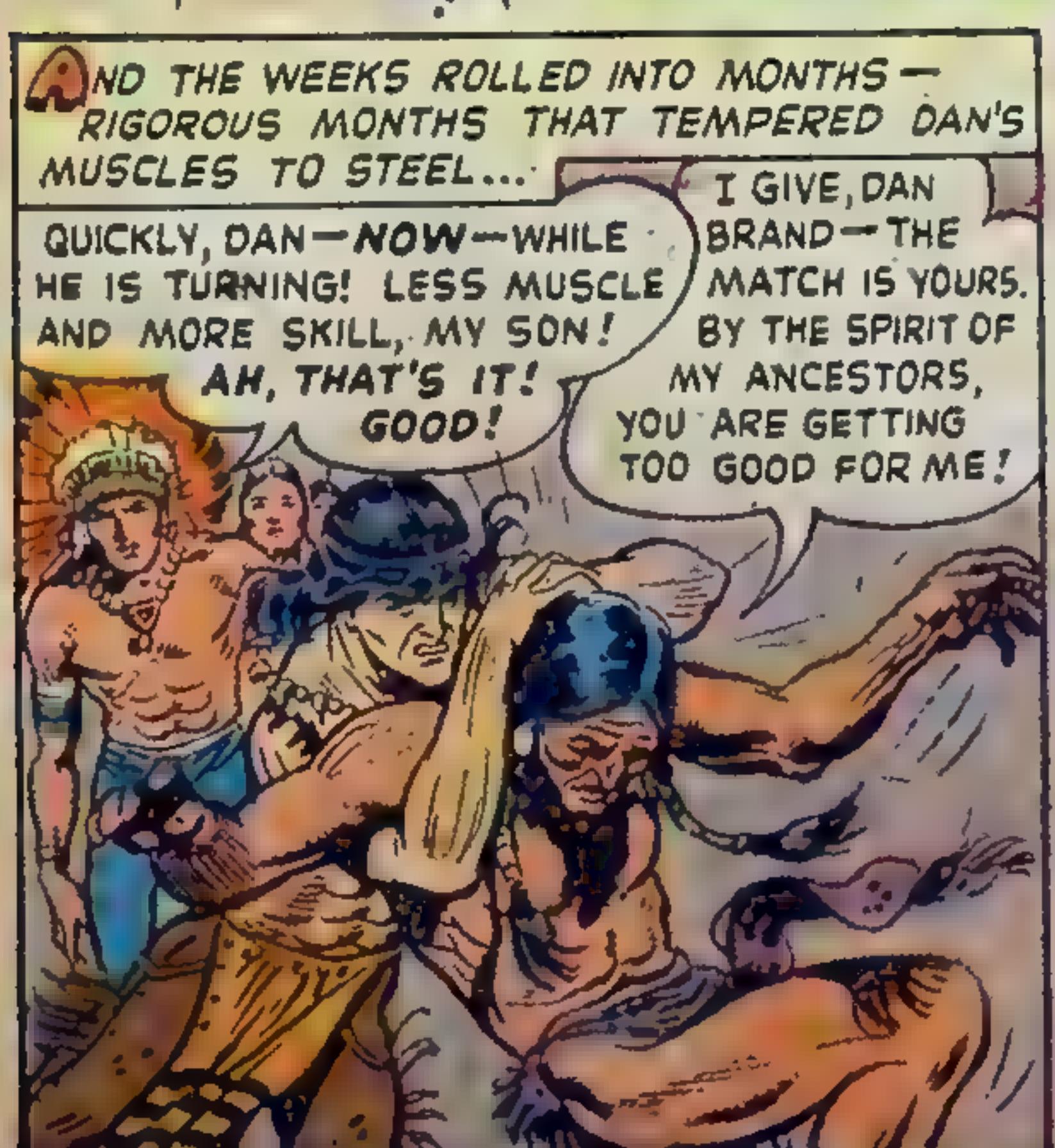
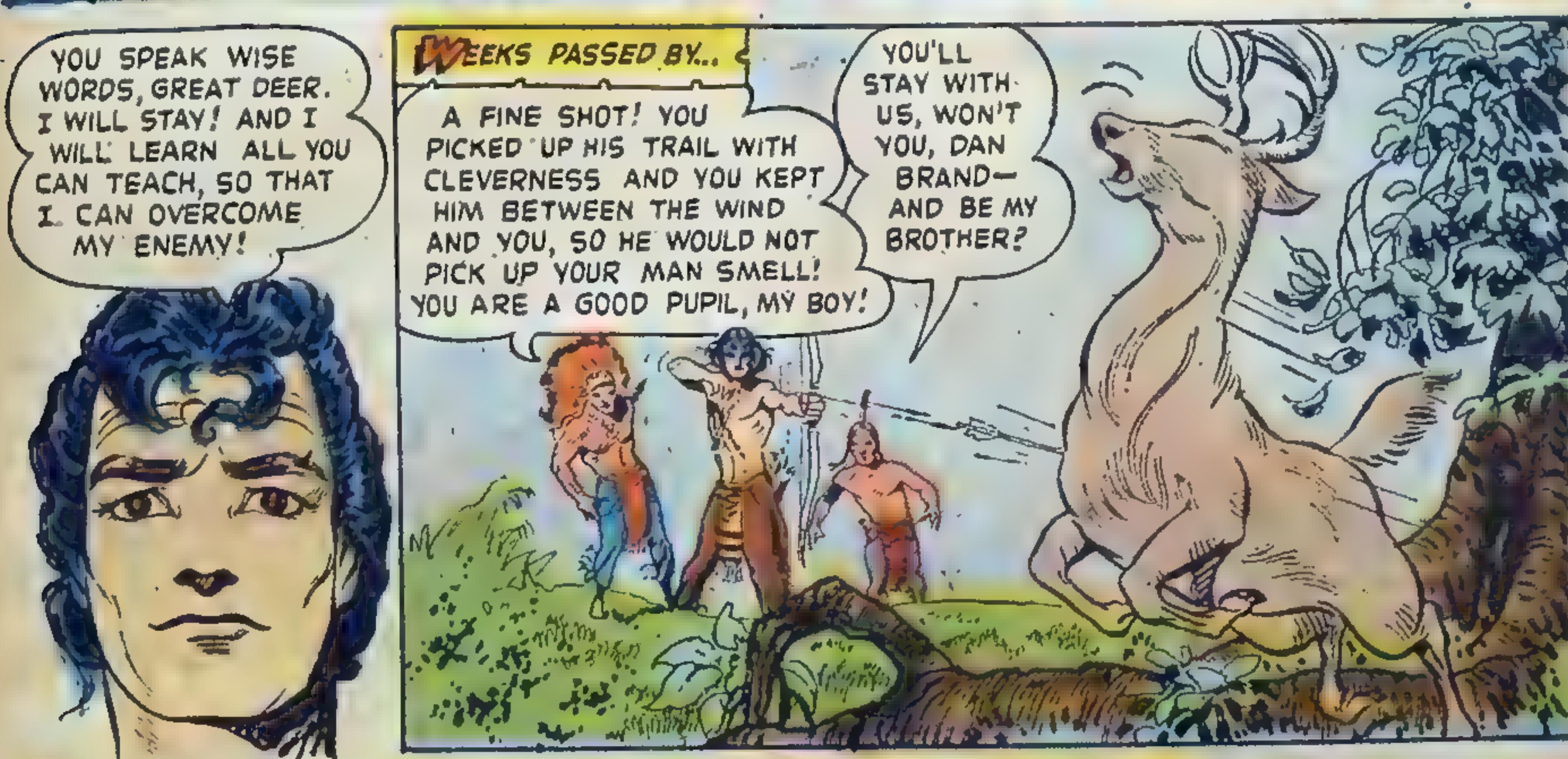
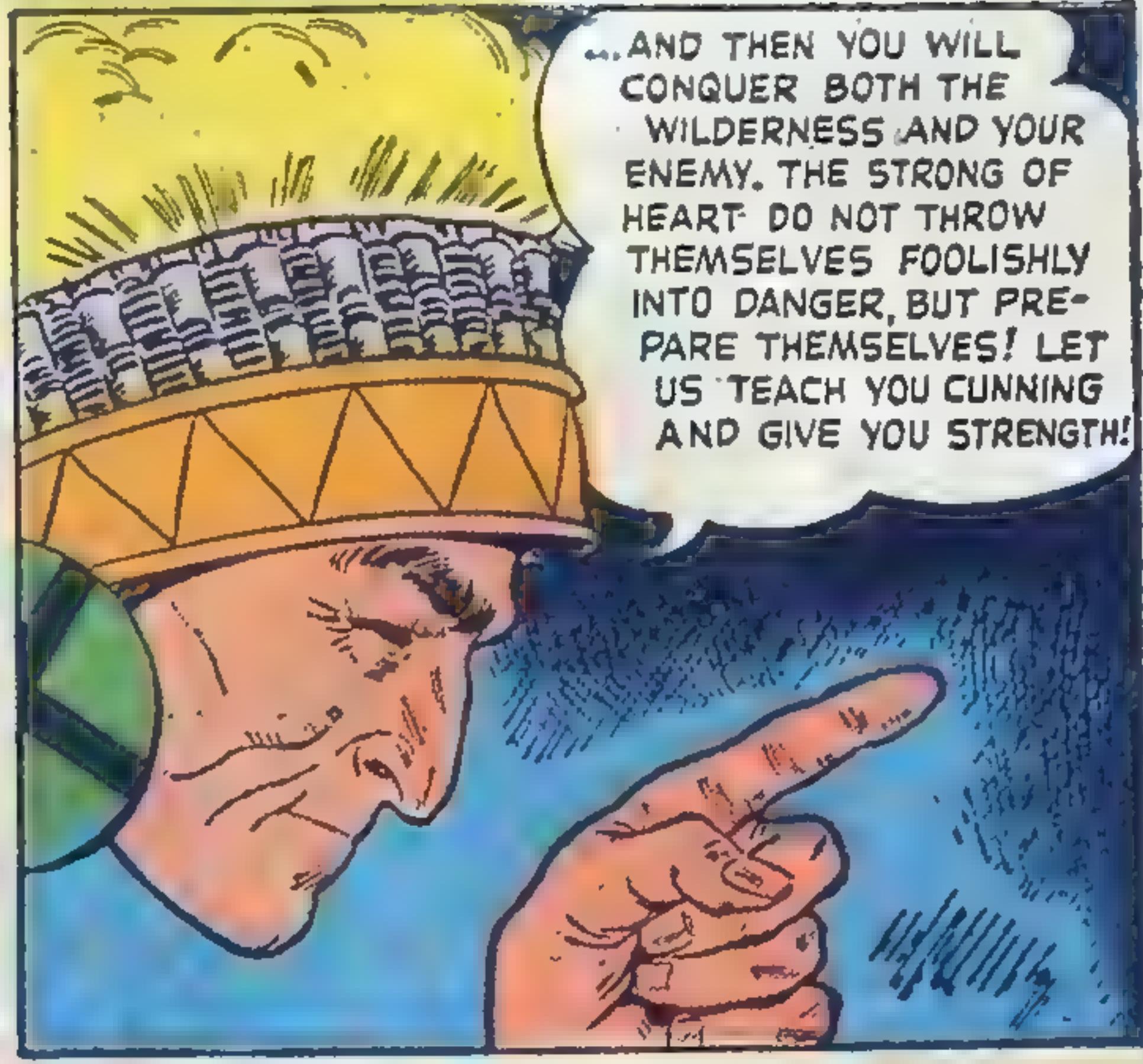
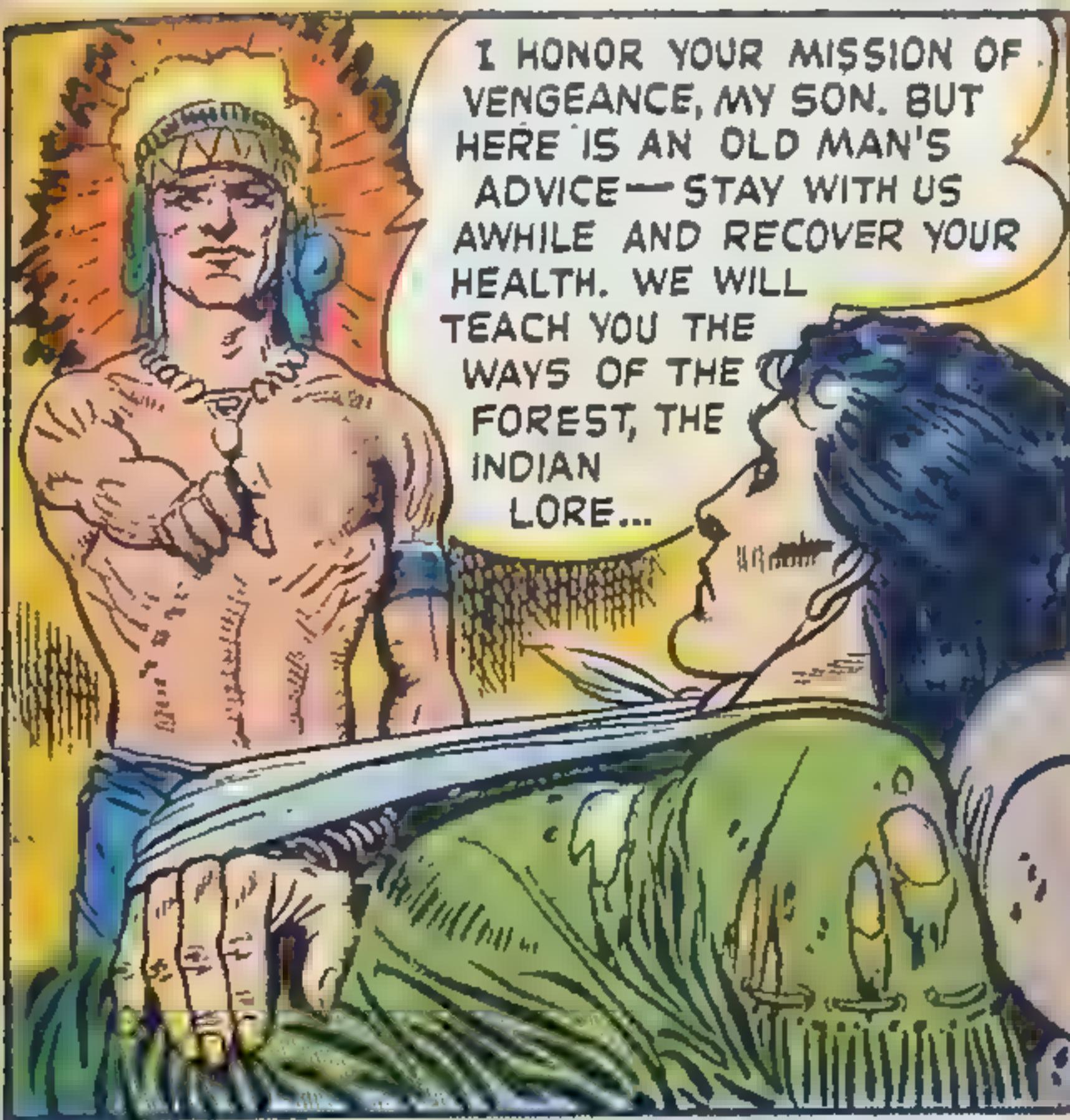
WE FOUND YOU ALMOST DEAD IN THE WOODS TWO DAYS AGO AND WE BROUGHT YOU TO OUR VILLAGE. I AM GREAT DEER, CHIEF OF ALL THE CATAWBAS—AND THIS IS TIPI, MY SON!

THANK YOU, THEN, CHIEF GREAT DEER, FOR SAVING MY LIFE. BUT I MUST GO! I HAVE A MISSION OF VENGEANCE THAT CANNOT WAIT, I-I...

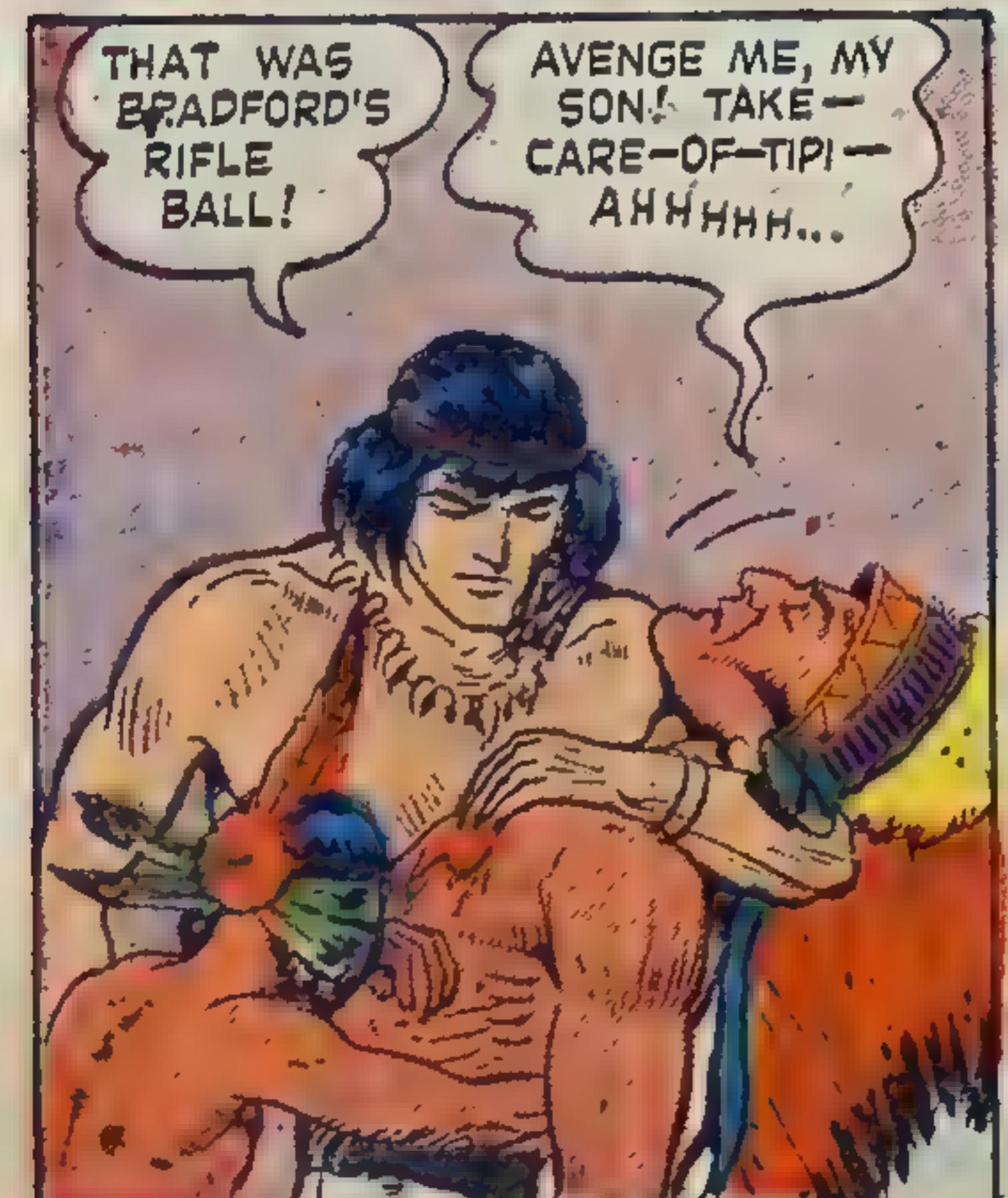
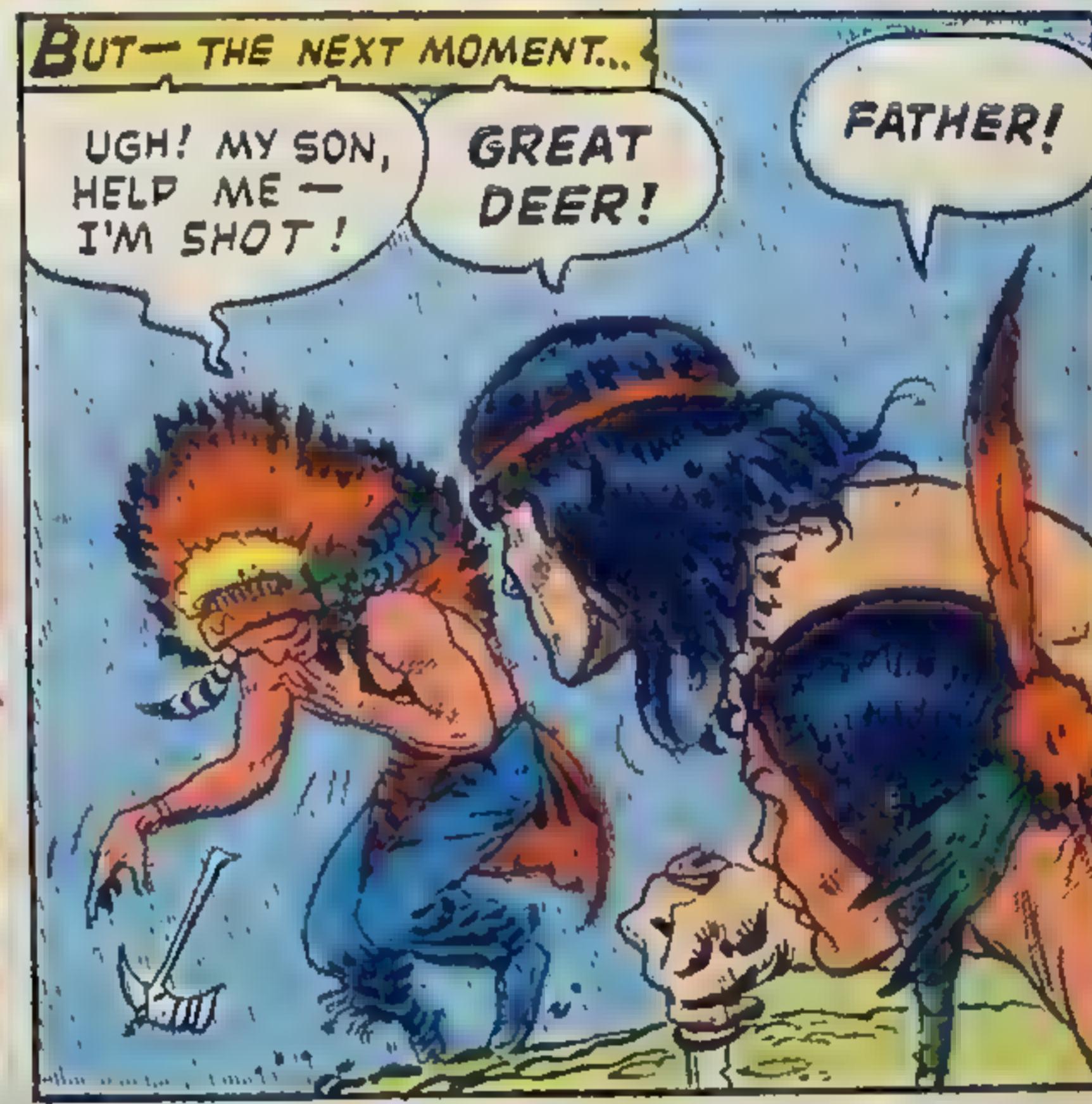
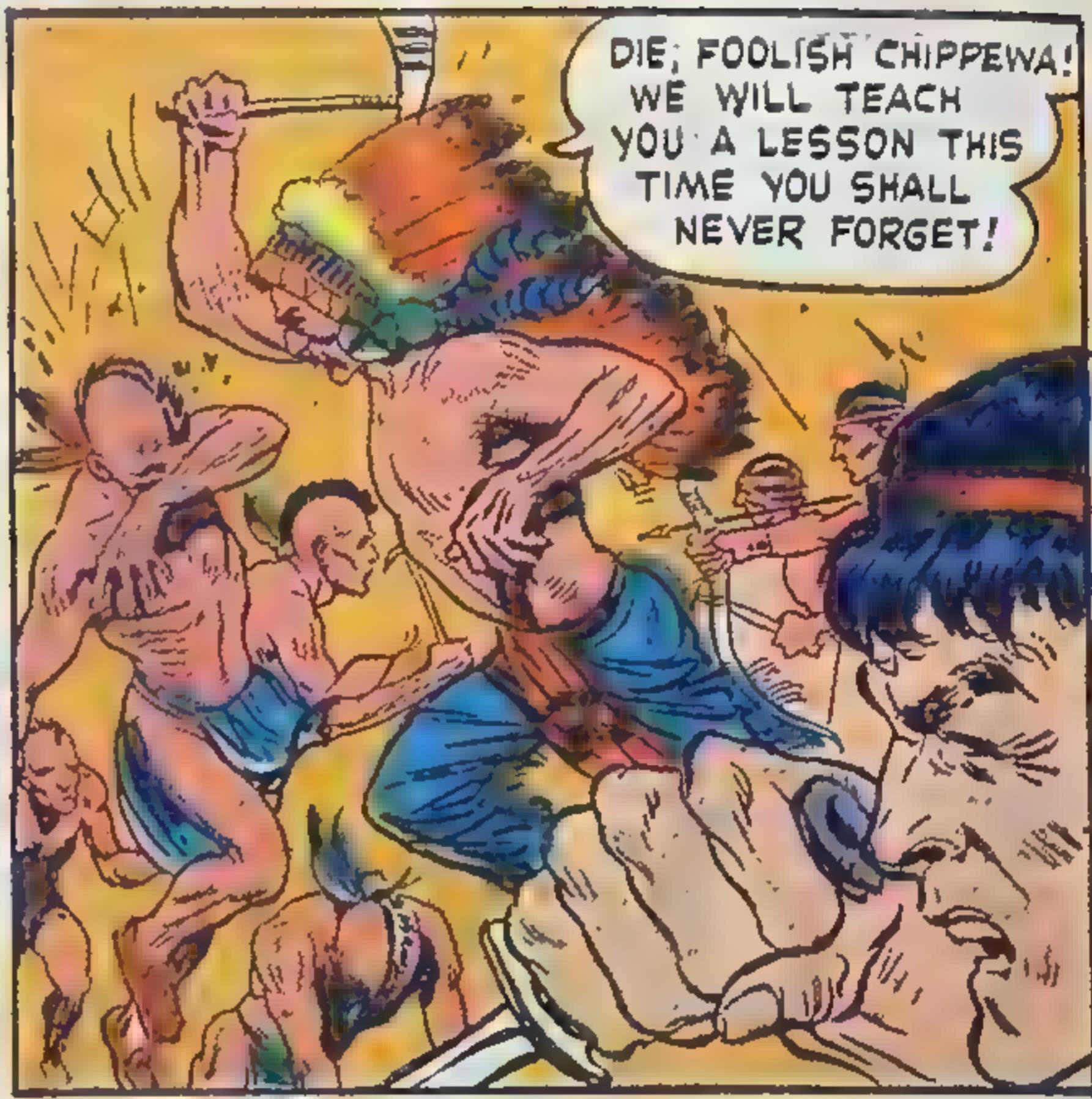
CAREFUL!  
YOU ARE  
STILL TOO  
WEAK, MY  
BOY!  
CATCH  
HIM,  
TIPI!



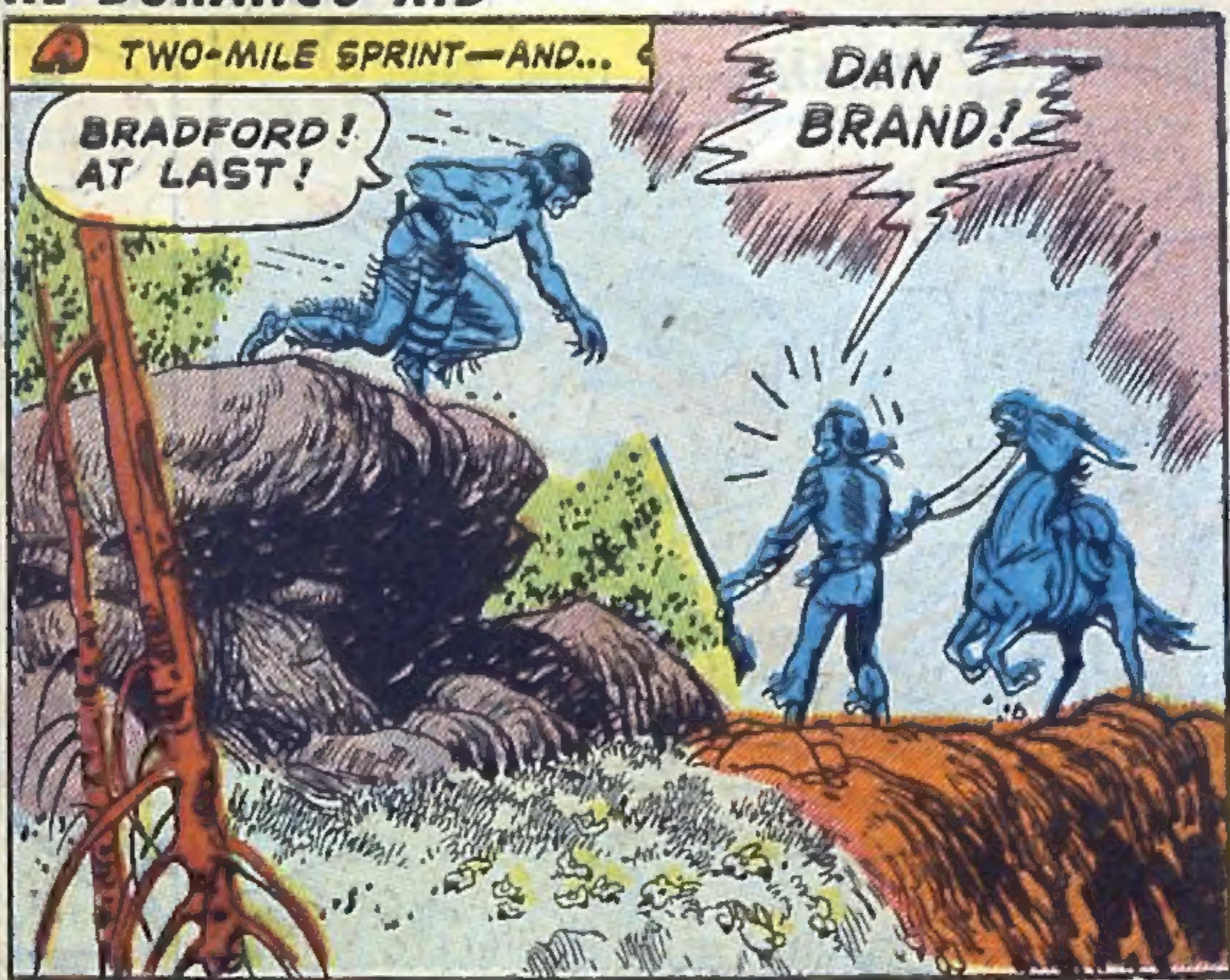
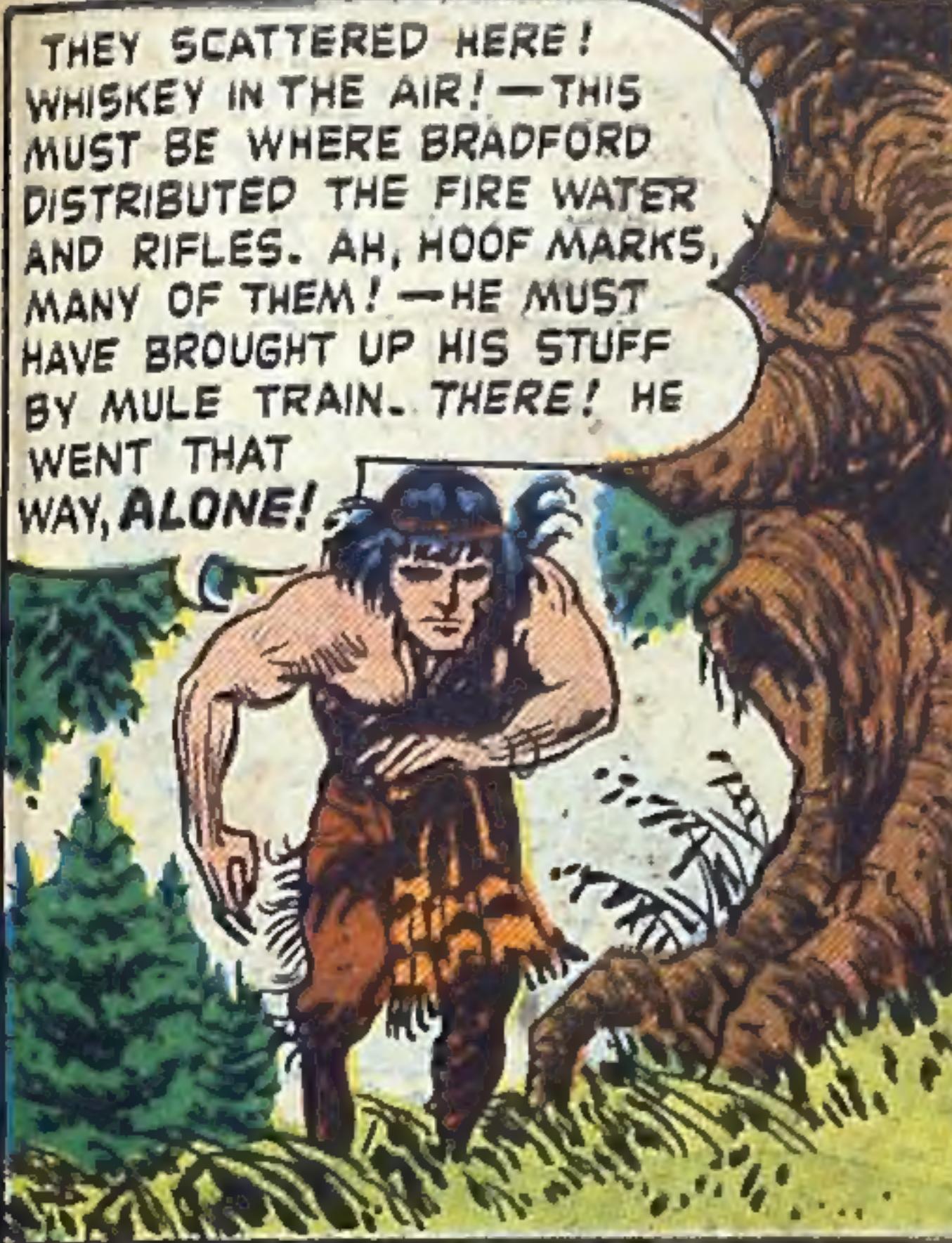
# THE DURANGO KID



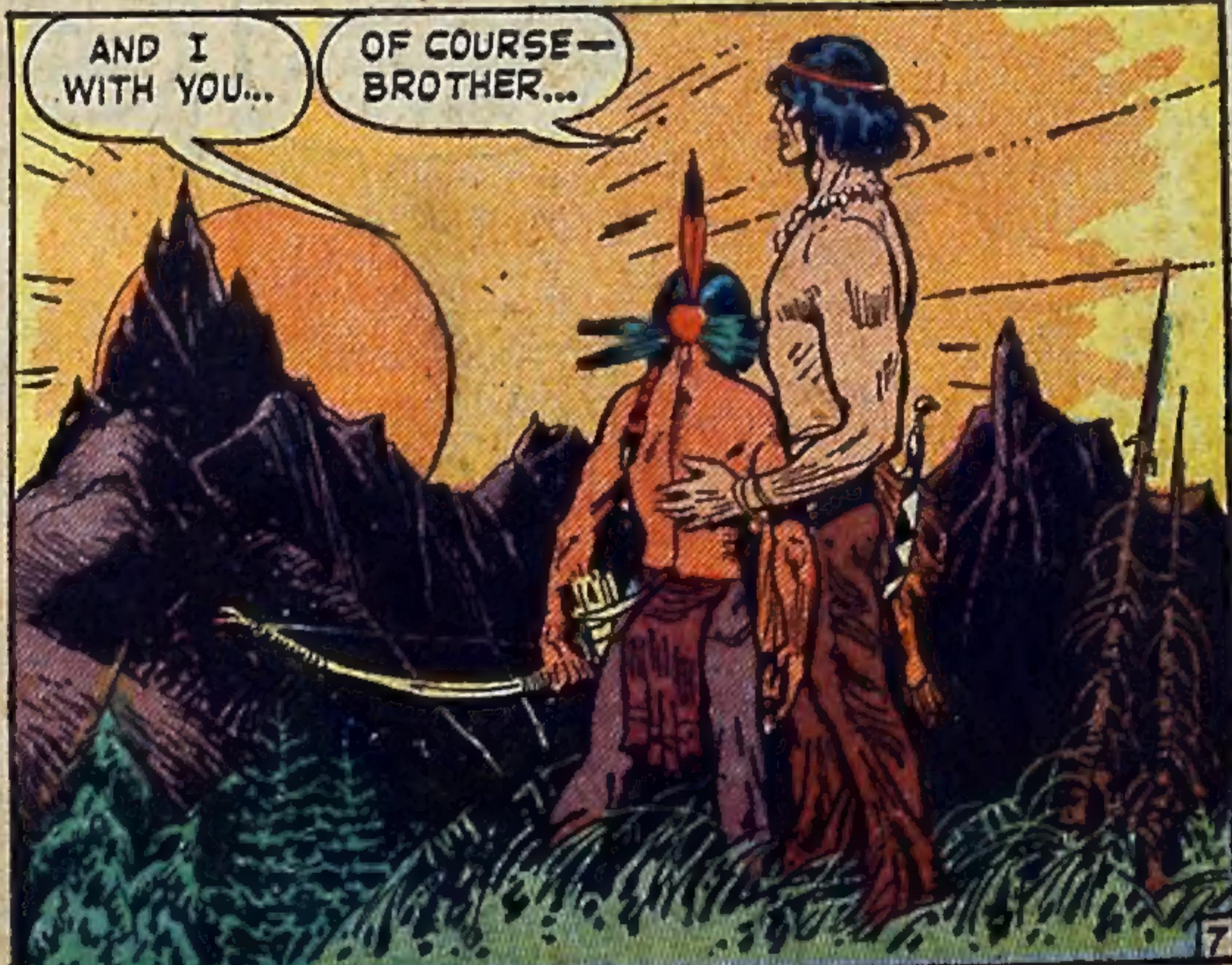
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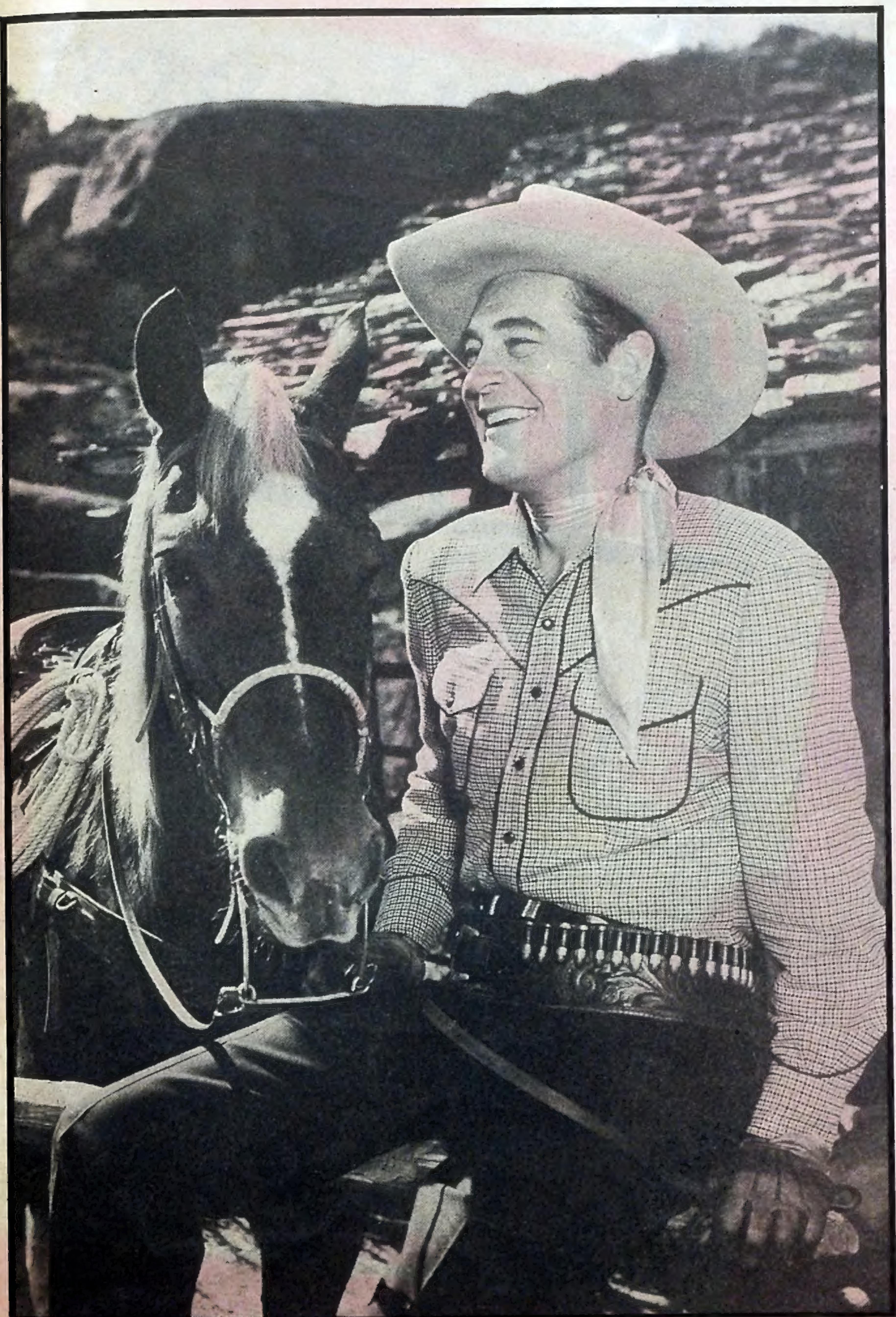


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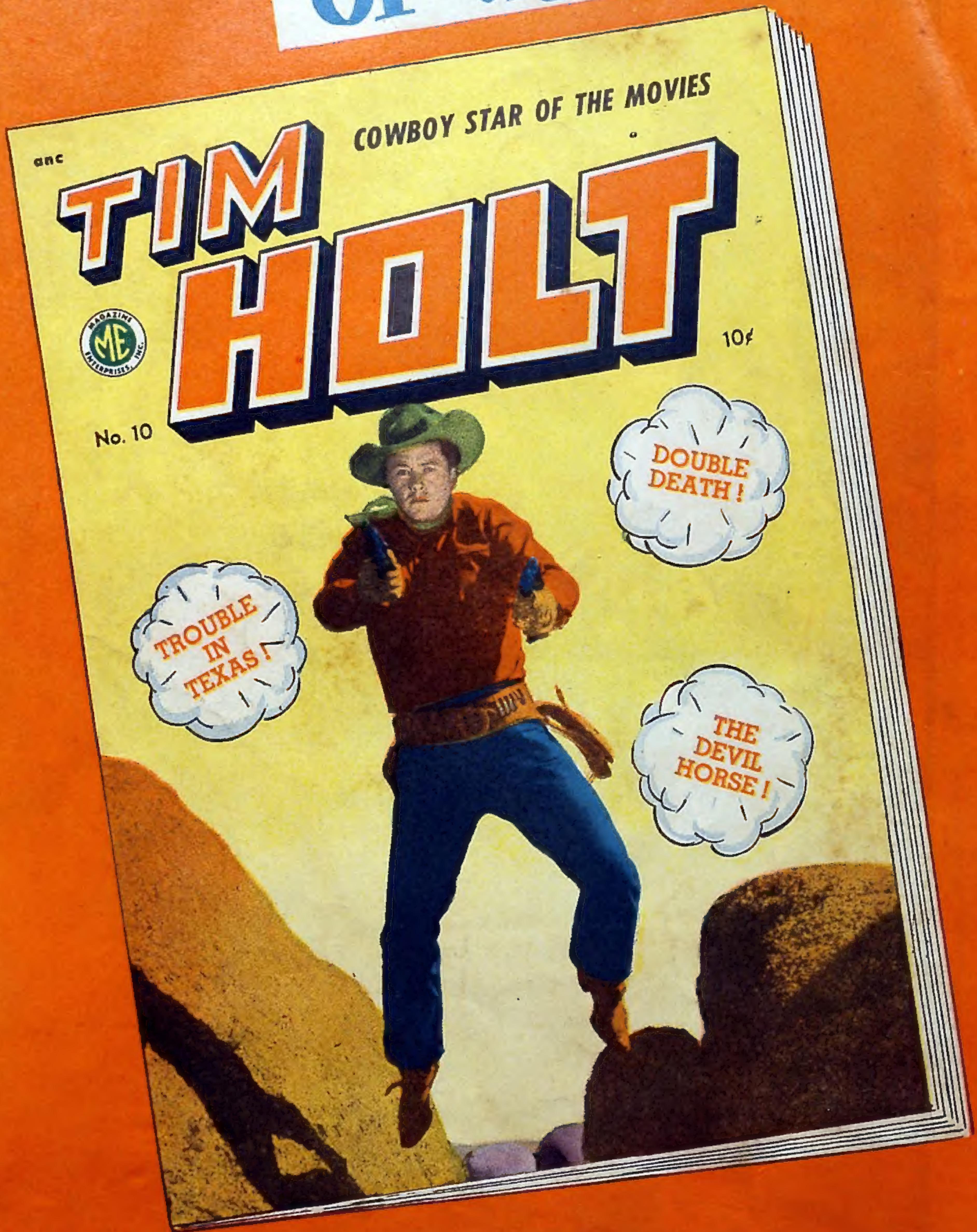
# THE DURANGO KID





Charles Starrett, star of Columbia's "Durango Kid" western movies.

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